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LORIA



November, 1929



Loria

St. Joseph's College for Women
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Loria

VOL. VII.

NOVEMBER, 1929.

No. 1.

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WATCH

I've waited for you, love, throughout the morning;
I've waited through the early afternoon.
I've watched the jade and silver of an evening
And hung young hopes upon a slender moon.

The fragile day melts in a dusky gloaming,
The high night furls her song about the hill.
A thousand times I've waited, love, your coming;
A thousand times will find me, waiting still!

KATHLEEN A. FORD, '32.

93045

PIERRE ABÉLARD



WRITING the story of his life when he was fifty years of age, Pierre Abélard saw fit to call it "*Historia Calamitatum*"—A Story of Misfortunes. But no man's life was made, to a greater extent than Abélard's, by that man's own character. If Abélard knew abasement, it was because he had been proud; if he knew injustice, he himself had been untrue; if he was oppressed, so too had he played the lord; if he knew shame it was because he had degraded the only beautiful thing that life had sent him.

When Pierre Abélard set out on the highway of learning at the age of sixteen, the eleventh century was turning. "The gloom of the 'century of iron' still lay on the land, but it was already touched with the faint, spreading dawn of a new idealism. It was the time of transition from the darkest hour of medieval Europe to a period of both moral and intellectual brilliance." And because, even as a very young man, Pierre Abélard stood head and shoulders above almost all others of his time, the light of this new dawn fell athwart his eyes, dazzled him, and determined him upon its reflection. He was the eldest son of a Breton nobleman named Bérenger, not a famous family-name, but a fine one in point of its own traditions. Abélard had the advantage of a heritage of culture. Thus, it was not entirely strange that this son of a soldier nobleman should, as he said it, follow Minerva rather than Mars.

Abélard's student life was a brilliant one—he did all the things that students dream of doing. When he was still under twenty years of age, his wanderings brought him to Paris. There he went to the great cathedral school of Notre Dame, where he sat under the teaching of William of Champeaux. It was not long before he had distinguished himself in dialectics, before he had won the love and esteem of William, justly proud of this brilliant young man, who used the weapons of dialectics with the skill of a born fencer in reason. But Abélard had that

one failing which mars all brilliance but that of saints—he knew that he was good. At length he was not content to keep this to himself, and with a far greater skill than his master's, he turned William's own weapons against him and caught some of the old teacher's philosophical doctrines so neatly that William could do nothing but back down from a position that he had successfully taught and defended for years. It was not strange that William should quarrel with this wily one who did not hesitate to publicly point out what he made to be the ludicrousness of William's position on the problem of universals.

Thereupon, supported by his enthusiastic fellow-students, Abélard went to Méhun, twenty-five miles from Paris, to found his own school. Here and in Corbeil, nearer to Paris, he lectured, till mental prostration, induced by overwork, sent him back to his home in Brittany to recover his health.

One day William of Champeaux was astonished, and probably perturbed, to find Pierre Abélard again in his class at Paris. Abélard had come back to the master, ostensibly to sit at his feet and listen in the spirit of humility. Perhaps the spirit was genuine, but Abélard was now twenty-eight, already successful, a very giant in controversy. It was not long before he was again flaying William on his own field, and asserting the undeniable ability which was his pride. William fell in the wordy battles and the young man remained undisputed master.

But his ambition was far from having run its course. Before him, Abélard saw the glory of an ecclesiastical career. Not content with his success in dialectics, he went to Laon, there to attend the theological lectures of Anselm. There he listened for a time, assimilated what Anselm had to offer, and before long was employing the same tactics with this theologian that he had with William in Paris. On a challenge, he undertook to expound the prophecies of Ezekiel—with a glorious amount of personal success. Anselm accused him of heresy and forbade him the field of theology; whereupon Abélard, nothing loth, removed to Paris, mounted the chair at Notre Dame and began

lecturing to such crowds of students as had never been heard of. The most conservative estimate of the numbers that he attracted is five thousand, which was such an enormous crowd as to visibly swell the population of Paris.

Fame, always kind to him, had now opened wide her gates. And she welcomed one who appeared well fitted to wear her laurel. Abélard was forty years old, in the height of his manhood, and with an intellect whose brilliance was unmatched in Europe. He was handsome and he had a gorgeous charm of manner. His voice was rich, golden, compelling. With the whispered softness of a phrase he reached hearts—with thundering periods he commanded applause. His lecture room was thronged with students who hung upon his eloquence.

“The bees that sat upon the Grecian’s lips
Distilled their honey from his tempered tongue.”

He sang, so the extravagant phrase of the time has it, ravishingly.

It was long years afterwards—years empty of fulfillment but filled to brimming with sadness, that Héloïse could write of him at this time:

“What country, what city, did not desire your presence? Could you ever retire but you drew the eyes and hearts of all after you? Did not everyone rejoice in having seen you?”

As Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson has pointed out, there is that about Abélard at this time which reminds us irresistibly of Faust. Up to this point Abélard’s ambition had been content with intellectual conquest. Now he asked more. Let us offer no apology for relating here the story of Abélard and Héloïse. It shows the man too clearly, it means, so palpably, the climax of his life, that we cannot neglect it.

Who can guess at where and when Abélard first saw Héloïse? Let us not bother with romantic conjecture. Somewhere, and somehow he had seen her. If we had not his own

account, we should scarcely dare to credit the man with what he actually did. For after all, up to this time we know that Abélard had been guilty only of overpowering ambition and a great vanity. The coldbloodedness, not only of his deed but of his account, seems to me shocking. Let him tell the story:

“Now there dwelt in that same city of Paris a certain young girl named Héloïse, the niece of a canon who was called Fulbert. Her uncle’s love for her was equaled only by his desire that she should have the best education which he could possibly procure for her. Of no mean beauty, she stood out above all by reason of her abundant knowledge of letters. Now this virtue is rare among women, and for that very reason it doubly graced the maiden, and made her the most worthy of renown in the entire kingdom. It was this young girl whom I, after carefully considering all those qualities which are wont to attract lovers, determined to unite with myself in the bonds of love, and indeed the thing seemed to me very easy to be done.”

Héloïse was eighteen. Abélard was the first man of Paris. Fulbert was, admits Abélard, “of a simplicity nothing short of astounding.” The philosopher was received under Fulbert’s roof as tutor to Héloïse.

What of this girl Héloïse, who could so speedily engender this new fire in Abélard’s heart? We know of her only through what is in the “*Historia Calamitatum*” and, a better source, her famous correspondence with Abélard. We find that in many ways she was worthy of the renown that has come to her. First of all, her learning was remarkable. It is certain that she knew as much of Latin and Greek and Hebrew as did Abélard—in fact, it is probable that he taught her these things. We know little of her appearance, but that her beauty, grace, and sweet dignity have become from the legend a tradition. It is far from probable that the lion of Paris should have chosen for his own a girl who did not meet his own standards of elegance in person. The mere fact of Abélard’s choosing her is sufficient praise, for he was nothing if not a man of cold discrimination. Of her station we know little, but that she was probably of

noble blood. Her father and mother, according to the most widely accepted story (there are many romantic variations), were at this time dead. She had been brought up by her uncle Fulbert, who knowing her beauty and gifts of intellect, ambitioned for her far higher things than Héloïse herself ever dreamed of.

The place is still pointed out in Paris where the idyll of Abélard and Héloïse was lived. Let us not make it too romantic. It is true that Héloïse—remember her youth—poured out her very soul in a flood of devotion and loyalty to the great Abélard. It is true that she felt honored beyond words—and that she loved him, for himself, as few men have deserved to be loved. But what of Abélard? It was—as I have said—with a shocking deliberateness that he had set out on this venture. Did he return Héloïse's love? It would be hard to believe that he did not love her, in so far as such a man could. Certainly her glowing devotion could not have left some small spark of true feeling unkindled in him.

The great master now began to neglect his lectures and the eager crowds of students whose applause had fanned the flame of his ambition. Had he not made greater conquests? It was only too soon that all Paris knew of Héloïse, for characteristically, Abélard could not resist the temptation to publish the songs that he wrote and sang for the girl who loved him. If we might pick out one thing in his career more despicable than another, it should be this—that he could cheapen by common circulation this little gold coin that he was capable of giving to Héloïse.

Truly, the story is not beautiful. Let us not excuse either one. Abélard spilled wantonly the full cup that Héloïse had proffered. We may say "*vraiment, que cette histoire n'était pas un roman, mais une tragédie.*"

At last Fulbert, the canon, awoke to what all Paris knew. Horrified, he immediately drove Abélard from his house, and stunned by Héloïse's sin, heaped bitterest reproaches upon her. At length she found means to steal from his house, and in the

habit of a nun, fled with her lover to Brittany. Here her son was born. With a curious little affectation, she called him *Astrolabius*—after an astronomical instrument.

Now came a conflict in the lives of Abélard and Héloïse which shows them both in much clarity. Abélard, conscious of the wrong he had done her, offered to marry Héloïse. But there was a condition. Knowing that a marriage would definitely close his hopes of a brilliant ecclesiastical career, he desired only that it should be kept secret. But here, if at any time, Héloïse showed the depths of her devotion. She refused to marry Abélard. Blind to his salvation and hers, she sought only the fulfillment of his hopes and ambitions, and feeling thus, pleaded weeping and on her knees that her uncle should not insist on this formal union which would mean death to her lover's glory. With Abélard himself she argued, using quaintly the same dialectic that he had taught her. She advanced all sorts of classical arguments to show that marriage was not the state for a philosopher, that wedlock could only bring him ruin. But Fulbert would hear none of this, and resisting to the last, Héloïse was finally married, in deep secrecy, to Abélard.

Fulbert, perhaps proud of the now legitimate connection between his niece and the great philosopher, could not keep the secret. He broke his promise to Abélard and soon Héloïse was receiving felicitations from people who genuinely envied her. But Héloïse was not content, as someone has said, with "lying as sweetly as a madonna." Rather, she denounced her own kin and swore that they were speaking the most absolute lies. She had never been married. Her uncle was roused to fury by this and punished her severely. Abélard thereupon sent her to the convent of Argenteuil to escape this maltreatment, but her uncle, now thoroughly convinced that Abélard intended to rid himself of his wife by forcing her into a convent, planned to avenge himself upon Abélard. He engineered a brutal and bloody assault upon the man who had gained his hatred. Even in that violent age, all people heard in horror of the brutal attack upon the great teacher.

Abélard was left a broken man, changed in mind and soul. Perhaps it is unfair to say that his conduct at this juncture betrayed a latent weakness in his character, but I am convinced that there was such a weakness. He fled immediately to a monastery, making no attempt to bear up under the shame that oppressed him. Héloïse was still at Argenteuil when the news of Fulbert's vengeance reached her. History does not record how she took this blow of the physical calamity—and happily, perhaps, it leaves unsaid the dire disappointment, the bitter heart-break that must have been hers to realize that her husband would not come to her for the love and tenderness that she was still willing to lavish upon him.

Soon Héloïse, at the peremptory behest of her husband, took the veil of a religious. We may wonder whether Abélard, in making this demand of her, was actuated by a natural selfishness, an unwillingness to have her beauty left in the world, or whether it was the supreme manifestation of his weakness—a desire to have taken from the sight of the world any reminder of his sin. By this move, which cannot be regarded as other than harsh, Héloïse was denied the consolation that her little son should have been to her. She was then barely twenty. After sixteen years in the cloister and of separation from Abélard, she could write him:

“Yesterday I had resolved to love you no more; I considered I had made a vow, taken a veil, and am as it were dead and buried, yet there rises unexpected from the bottom of my heart a passion which triumphs over all these thoughts, and darkens alike my reason and my religion. You reign in such inward retreats of my soul that I know not where to attack you; when I endeavor to break those chains by which I am bound to you I only deceive myself, and all my efforts but serve to bind them faster.”

Abélard's life for the next sixteen years after his downfall was spent in suffering and a greater or lesser amount of humility. He wished to retire from the monastery of St. Denis and was refused, for some years, until the death of his superior.

He then went into the wildest solitudes of Champagne, and lived there as a hermit. But soon some of the students who had listened to him enthralled in the golden days of Paris, sought him out. In teaching again and in the adulation and love of his followers, he found consolation. He was soon called to be abbot in the monastery of St. Gildas, where, if even half the accounts are true, the monks were almost certainly savage and quite lawless. Abélard's rigorous discipline gained him their mortal enmity, and repeatedly, attempts were made on his life. In the meantime, the sanctuary that he had occupied in the wilds of Champagne he had turned over to the nuns of Argenteuil, who had been deprived of their living and home. Héloïse was now abbess. It was during the time that they both were in the Champagne that the famous correspondence took place. A copy of the "*Historia Calamitatum*," ostensibly intended for some grief-stricken friend of Abélard's, had fallen into Héloïse's hands. She read with horror the closely detailed story of Abélard's sufferings, and then wrote him a letter in which she begged reassurance and showed unmistakably the vitality of her love for him. He answered her with logic, and in the sternly religious tone that had become his during the period of his retirement. There were three letters more, in which she poured out her heart to him, and he answered her in cold reason. She writes:

"I remember (for nothing is forgot by lovers) the time and place in which you first declared your passion and swore you would love me till death. Your words, your oaths, are deeply graven in my heart. My stammering speech betrays to all the disorder of my mind; my sighs discover me, and your name is ever on my lips."

But in her fifth letter—and how like Héloïse, who was made of heroic stuff—she spoke nothing of herself; since it was Abélard's wish that she should forget, she complied—outwardly at least. She asked for a gentler rule for her sisters, and he granted it.

Abélard still had enemies, of whom the strongest was Bernard de Clairvaux. He was accused of heterodoxy by Bernard, and condemned by a group of bishops in what was suspected to be an unfair trial. A letter sent to Rome brought back a condemnation of heresy. Abélard immediately set out for the Holy City to plead his case in person. But the fatigues of the journey and his broken spirit halted him at Cluny, where he was cared for by a friend of his. This friend, Pierre Maurice, interceded for Abélard with the Pope and brought about a mutual peace. Abélard wrote an apology for his views and spent the remaining years of his life at Cluny. He died, a proud soul humbled by persecution and suffering, at Chalons, where he had gone for a change of air.

I have spoken at such great length—and I have only succeeded in giving you the merest sketch of this story. I have treated Abélard and yet I have said little of his contributions to philosophy. Suffice it to say here that he gave little that was original. He succeeded, however, in using the rationalistic basis for his problems, and he modified materially the extreme nominalist and realist views to the perfected form which was to be voiced in the thirteenth century. Abélard was a great thinker, a good philosopher, but he had little originality.

But his philosophical contribution to the ages is not the thought with which I would leave you.

It is rather the picture of Abélard, a man of gifted intellect, of eloquence, of personal beauty—a man who had everything but a sense of values. Applause was wine to him—he had rather have the plaudits of a transient multitude than that brimming cup of something far clearer, far sweeter and far more sustaining, that was offered to him by the girl Héloïse.

CATHARINE FOURNIER, '30.

A LAST SONG

LONG have I tarried, and gathered the sweetness
Of rose dew and heart's-ease and cool mignonette.
Now back to my ships and my sea I'll be going,
To my proud crimson sails, and my mastheads of jet.

. . . Out to the sea, in the flame of the sunset,
With its gold on the azure, bold scarlet on high . . .
Myriad songs that awake in the gloaming
Float on the dusk and are gone—with a sigh.

And if I still dream of the moon through the willows,
Or the curl of the brook as it runs crystal clear,
It is only a memory, a wisp of white magic;
A shadow, a phantom, the ghost of a tear!

KATHLEEN A. FORD, '32.

REMINISCENCES OF A SUBURBANITE



JUST one half-hour from the "Roaring Forties," via the five-fifteen, there is a large and charming expanse of land known as Long Island. Its verdant shores are dotted with colonies whose picturesque names lure the unsuspecting city dweller to partake of the peace and quiet of the country. "Own your own home" is the community slogan. Some eight years ago we fell a prey to the idea and ever since then have been the proud possessors of a little white house with all its accompanying joys and thrills.

It was a new house, fresh from the hands of builder, plasterer, and painter, each of whom must have left his own special brand of sounds and creaks behind him. You never believe, until you live in one, how many noises there are in a new house. Hinges squeak, windows rattle, doors stick; but to get the full variety, I recommend the witching hour of midnight during a storm. One night, quite late, Mother and I were upstairs and alone in the house when we heard a loud banging of doors and felt a gust of cold air sweeping through our halls. I rushed to the head of the stairs and stared at the two front doors, both equipped with automatic locks, thrown wide open. After about five minutes, both of us, armed with umbrellas, cautiously descended one step at a time—to an empty hall. Upon investigation, both locks were found to be in condition. We were never able to guess at the velocity of a wind that could have opened two heavy doors.

Another night, I sat up in bed terror-stricken at the click of a key in the front door. Dad was out but I knew it was too early for his return. I listened. The stairs creaked, a shutter banged, and a loose piece of plaster fell between the walls. Then, distinctly, came the click of a key as someone fumbled at the lock. A door opened and I heard a footstep. Unable to stand the suspense any longer, I crept out of bed and went into

the hall. The shadow of a tree as it swayed with the wind sent me scurrying back to bed. Just then, I heard the purr of a motor and I ran to the window. As I looked out, a lock snapped. Our neighbor was putting his car in the garage and again the key clicked as he pulled it out of the door.

Even suburban mysteries have their brighter side in an occasional solution. When we first arrived, there used to be a noise that sounded like nothing less than the rattling of a chain. It lasted only a minute and came at such uncertain intervals that it seemed quite impossible to lay the ghost. One day, however, the long-awaited paving of the street was completed and the shock proved too much for our spook, who straightway vanished and has never been heard from since. We finally decided that the vibration of a heavy car over a rut was his "raison d'être." Of course, there are all brands of noises and not many are as obliging as that. I have a very special one that intrigued and eluded me all last winter. It sounds like the drip-drip-drip of water and after I had triumphantly decided that it came from the radiator, it took the trouble to reappear one day in June and assure me that I had still not solved the mystery.

Unfortunately it is only the first five years in a new house that prove really thrilling, and we have overstayed the limit. Life is becoming more and more prosaic. It seems to me that the outposts of civilization are being pushed farther and farther out on our Island, and with their recession go many of the little thrills and adventures that attended us who built our houses and lived in them first.

TERESA SCHREIBER, '30.

SHADOWS

DAY's long serried ranks are thinned,
His last pale warriors ride the skies,
And shadows lean upon the wind,
And stalk the ways where darkness lies.

Within this room the Real becomes
By some grotesque, satiric chance
The border-land of shadow-dance;
And heart-beats here, as in a dream,
Distorted—amplified, would seem
The throbbing of a thousand drums.

These swathed hulks—these shrouded chairs,
This room, where even echoes die,
May feel the Unseen brushing by;
The unheard step of soundless feet
May grow, in time, to listening ears
More dear than others that he hears;
For here, where past and present meet,
The shadows conjure up again
The resurrected wraiths of years.

ADELE MCCABE, '32.

JOYCE KILMER



EVER since the world began, the hearts of men have been open to one who has been gifted with the heritage of beauty. We have turned from the duller paths of our lives to look up, if only for a moment, to watch the flight of that soul towards the light, and to absorb into our own being the magic of his gift. Now, more than ever, we of this century find a need to retreat from the demands of an ever-encroaching world and to satisfy this spiritual craving. For we find ourselves in an age when materialism shrugs away, with a single contemptuous gesture, the beautiful things from which the fabric of our lives would best be woven.

From the chaos into which our ideals have been hurled has issued at least one strong, clear voice, vigorous in its note of faith, exquisite in its lyric beauty, and above all else firm in its sense of duty. For,

“It is a stern work, it is a perilous work, to thrust your hand
in the sun
And pull out a spark of immortal flame to warm the hearts of
men.”

Joyce Kilmer did not accept this self-imposed responsibility lightly; this was his dedication of a life, a singularly beautiful life, to the fulfillment of an ideal. We find in him a nature admirably suited to this appointed task. He is chivalrous, deeply religious, and withal, whimsical, with a whimsicality that tinged even his most serious work with a touch of freshness and youth.

The delicate thread of romance running through Kilmer's work lends it much of its charm, for no troubadour of medieval times ever sang of his lady's perfections with greater reverence or with more exquisite expressions of love. There is that most charming of lyrics, “A Blue Valentine,” in which he confesses

with youthful candor to "Monsignore, Right Reverend Bishop Valentius . . . now of the delightful court of Heaven,"

"That I love a beautiful lady.
Her eyes, Monsignore,
Are so blue that they put lovely little blue reflections
On everything that she looks at,
Such as a wall
Or the moon
Or my heart."

And then, at the conclusion, how delicately he turns this, a song for his earthly love, into a hymn to that One who was most noble of womankind:

"But of your courtesy, Monsignore,
Do me this favor:
When you this morning make your way
To the Ivory Throne that bursts into bloom with roses because
of her who sits upon it,
When you come to pay your devoir to Our Lady,
I beg you, to say to her:
'Madame, a poor poet, one of your singing servants yet on
earth,
Has asked me to say that at this moment he is especially grateful to you
For wearing a blue gown.' "

Beneath the beauty of the poem itself, beneath its lilting melody, and its clear imagery, lies a latent power, as in all the poet's work. It is the note of sincerity that rings through his idealism, the wonderful power of conviction that his poetry carries, that reveal to us the tender beauty of the soul within it.

Kilmer is a wonderfully human poet. The boy who went proudly to war with the famous Sixty-ninth, rendering at the top of his lusty voice his extensive repertoire of songs calcu-

lated to be more or less harmful to the Kaiser's reputation, was not only a true æsthete, but a student of human nature. How he must have loved old Dave Lilly, whose only claim to greatness was that

"He was shiftless and good-for-nothing, but he certainly could fish."

Why, you can almost hear Kilmer's laugh in those lines that tell how he revisits the haunts of this, his boyhood acquaintance:

"I guess I'll go to the tavern and get a bottle of rye
And leave it down by the hollow oak, where Lilly's ghost
went by.
I meant to go up on the hillside and try to find his grave
And put some flowers on it—but this will be better for Dave."

We can imagine, too, how the young poet must have cherished the memory of Martin; Martin, to whom beauty had been a religion but whose standard had no earthly value:

"Some people ask: 'What cruel chance
Made Martin's life so sad a story?'
Martin? Why he exhaled romance
And wore an overcoat of glory."

Kilmer could not scorn the ordinary things of ordinary lives but made them radiant with the glowing touch of his genius. He was a Midas who turned all things to gold. The humble shopkeeper in a delicatessen becomes

" . . . The lord of goodly things
That make the poor man's table gay."

And the puffing old Twelve-Forty-Five shares in the glory so freely bestowed by Kilmer's pen, for

"The midnight train is slow and old,
But of it let this thing be told,
To its high honor be it said,
It carries people home to bed.
My cottage lamp shines white and clear.
God bless the train that brought me here."

What a lovely transformation such understanding can effect! We turn from the contagious humanity of Kilmer and find ourselves, as well, unconsciously seeing beauty in everything.

It is Kilmer's mysticism that makes us realize how different he was from other men and what unsounded depths his soul possessed. Suffering he accepted with all the gallantry and valor of a soldier, and with his eyes fixed in never-wavering faith upon the purpose of all suffering, he says

"Light songs we breathe that perish with our breath
Out of our lips that have not kissed the rod.
They shall not live who have not tasted death.
They only sing who are struck dumb by God."

And when a world was bowed beneath the horrible burden of war, when Kilmer's beauty-loving soul must have shrunk from the suffering about him, his voice was not silenced, but rang clearer and stronger than before:

"What matters Death, if Freedom be not dead?
No flags are fair, if Freedom's flag be furled.
Who fights for Freedom goes with joyful tread
To meet the fires of Hell against him hurled
And has for captain Him whose thorn-wreathed head
Smiles from the cross upon a conquered world."

The soldier struggling with the rigor and hardship of the march
lifted up his voice in a constant prayer to Him Who once struggled
under the burden of the Cross.

We, coming into contact with this bright soul, may perhaps
find our burden lighter and our path a little smoother, its Goal
more clear.

MARY E. CRONIN, '31.

INDIAN SUMMER

HAZY gold-dust fills the air,
A deep'ning azure's in the sky,
And sweeter hush of zephyr fair
Perfumes the way as it goes by.

A pause within the year's fast race,
A dream upon the way,
A paradise for just a space,
A heaven for a day.

HELEN BARTHEN, '30.

"THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES"



ONE sunny morning over a year ago, an old truck stopped outside the rear entrance of the college, on Waverly Avenue. From it there alighted a small army of workmen who were supplied with all manner of tools to begin the wrecking of "253." I doubt whether this concrete fact meant very much to any of us, because just then, it was divinely spring; and those of us who were not occupied with preparations for the coming finals were deep in anticipation of the summer holiday. So, going home in the pleasant dusk of those early spring evenings, few saw what was once a proud "Clinton Avenue Mansion" take on the aspect of one of the courts of the Roman Forum, so tenantless, so bare, so open to the sky, was it. Could we realize, all at once, the void that was to come into our hearts with the demolition of our kindly, cozy, informal building? We could not. We merely thought, with some satisfaction, that our sanctum furniture was safely in storage. But the destruction was going on. And time was to come when there would be neither cheery sanctum, nor hospitable library to divert the weary mind. Yes, already the void has made itself felt. Now we are beginning to realize what a cherished part of our recollections these associations have become.

I have often wondered whether many people were struck by the homey atmosphere, the coziness, the hospitality—an indefinable charm, that first impressed me when I entered the building—the first ties of an association that was to deepen into friendship. The very first day, I can remember how, as the door opened, the library struck a vibrant note of something inexpressibly dear that harmonized with the experience of cherishing this find for my very own. I was fond of imagining the room itself as part of an old, gloomy chateau. Indeed, its walls, its sturdy oaken wood-work, its broad, curiously-carven fireplace, its many unexpected nooks and corners, all seemed to sustain this impression.

Just about dusk was my favorite hour to steal over there. After the run in the open air from the other building, my body and mind would respond luxuriously to the sight of the long hall-like room, deep in the twilight of the bookshelves. Shadowy shapes were everywhere, save where a little green shade illuminated the features of some solitary reader, or cast its small luminous area into the darkness of the great room. Then I would tiptoe over to the couch, and choose a volume from one of the sets that rested on the shelf above. And so, there would I sit, most comfortably to be sure, once in a while stopping, and listening to the noises of the house—the ticking of the grandfather clock opposite me; the creaking of the stairs as someone dashed up two-at-a-time; strains of muffled laughter; earnest conversation; the squawkings of some victrola in its dotage. Ah, library—home of many never-to-be-forgotten hours, some spent in earnest study, others in idle talk—discreetly whispered! There were times when our idle talk was not so discreetly whispered, and rather intuitively (but none too soon), we would beat a hasty retreat across the hall to the Alumnae rooms, and there, unmolested, conclude our observations on Life. Or, it might be, we would go up several flights of stairs to our sanctum. And there—oh—what possibilities of nocturnal mischief! Many's the night we got up a real feast, with all the trappings from soup to nuts, and had one glorious time till we were *put* out—our dear mothers doubtless supposing us to be attending some lecture, or to be doing some overdue experiments.

One night, in the middle of winter, when the snow was piled white and high on the streets outside, we were given a party, the "*pièce de résistance*" of which was an indoor treasure-hunt. If we didn't have enjoyment and excitement galore, well—there aren't such things. But if—as we raced furiously up and down stairs after clues, bumping into people, running into dark rooms with fifty girls at our heels, looking under rugs, behind statues, inside of books, on top of lockers, one minute on the top floor, the next in the cellar; if, I say, we

didn't have fun that night in memorable old "253," then I'll take whatever Life calls these things, and let the dictionary find another audience for its definition.

How many other events can we recall, all inextricably associated in our minds with this old building! The reception teas, the basketball informals, Mothers' and Daughters' Day, Alumnae Day, serving Junior and Senior suppers and our own class parties—memories all, and without the haziness of recollection that comes with efforts to recall disagreeable events.

Perhaps, though, when on some future Mothers' and Daughters' Day, we return to these haunts, so incredibly dear and filled with the fondest of memories, those old associations will have receded into the distance where later and more pressing cares have sent them. But not for long. As we sit sipping our tea with lemon, conversing with other mothers, we see our Mary excitedly discussing the next dance with a group of girls,—and lo! we are of the ranks of youth again; this mature apparel is not ours; this sedate coiffure cannot belong to us; we are young again and wandering once more in our old building. We are ensconced in the cozy couch of the library, with our favorite volume in our hands. We listen to the sighs and creakings of the old house—. Then, after living for a brief moment, the dream will fade, receding into those dim chambers where happy memories are not lost, but live all our days.

"The ever rolling silent hours
Will bring a time we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be an hundred years ago."

ANNA G. HARRIGAN, '31.

LA ALBA

Desde su
Lecho de azul
Velado por la luna
Vino gloriosa la alba.
Con el sol en sus dedos
Vino bailando,
Riendo.

LA NOCHE

Serena
Era la noche
Y brillaba el cielo
Con los fantasmas de estrellas.
Escondida la luna
En nubecillas
Doradas.

KATHLEEN A. FORD, '32.

Loria

"LITTERÆ OBLECTAMEN REMANEANT IN ÆTERNUM"

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EDITORIALS

THE COAT-OF-ARMS



It is with pride that we call your attention to our use of the coat-of-arms of the College on the cover of this issue of LORIA. We feel that this first use of the new arms by the students is a privilege, and memorable. We take pleasure in giving you the artists' explanation of the significance of the new insignia, given when the design was submitted:

"The shield shall show—

- a. The heraldic emblems of St. Joseph;
 - b. The heraldic emblems of an institution of learning;
 - c. The crown, from the arms of the past two Bishops;
- And the motto, 'Esse non videri.'

"The medieval, 'traditional' arms of St. Joseph show a silver carpenter's-square between three silver lilies, on a blue 'field' (background). (Silver and blue are also the heraldic

colors of Our Lady.) The heraldic emblem of a university or college is a book. (See the arms of the oldest English universities, Oxford and Cambridge, of the oldest American—Harvard, and dozens of continental ones.) Sometimes the book is closed, but more often open, and when open it is on its pages that the motto of the institution is displayed: Thus, the Oxford book's pages are inscribed, 'Dominus Illuminatio Mea,' the Harvard, 'Veritas,' etc., etc.

"We have here as the main feature of our shield, the arms of St. Joseph, with the square by which he made his work (and we should make ours) true and upright and faithful, with the lilies, emblem of his (and Our Lady's) purity, three here, in honor of the Blessed Trinity. We have the book, symbol of the academic nature of the shield, and the book is crowned with the crown which appears above the 'Humilitas' on the Founder's coat. And, finally, the whole coloring of the coat is in a patriotic 'red, white and blue.' "

THE NEW BUILDING

WE returned this year to a new college. To those who saw it for the first time, it represented a beautiful building, fitted with every possible convenience, modern in its administration and its outlook. To those who had known the old college, the new building was like an old, friendly room, remodeled and improved, but retaining a fragrant gift of memories.

To say that we appreciate to the very fullest extent the beauty and utility of this new building is merely to express a very evident truth. But we should see beyond the actual physical conveniences of our new college something even more significant, and not so easily realized.

There is now at hand every possible asset for a complete cycle of social, athletic, and student life. We have a fine auditorium for those frequent occasions when we have visitors at the college; a good library as a quiet and restful retreat for study; we have a well-equipped gymnasium; and we have large,

cheerful class-rooms and laboratories to encourage and assist student work. In short, everything has been provided that might make our college years more pleasant and above all, more profitable. Beyond the physical fact of this carefully evolved plan, however, there has been a spirit of consideration which has found its motivation in the individual and general welfare of the student body. We must realize, as we think of both plan and execution in this, our new building, that those who planned it and who worked so zealously for it, had as their one object our comfort and our happiness.

What must be our obligation, not only to those who first dreamed of this building project, but also to this fulfillment of their dreams, the new building? We have new duties not only of appreciation, but of care. *We* must grow in spirit as our college has grown, measuring its progress with our own.

HAZING

FOR more years than most of us know anything about, certain customs have prevailed in the College. Among the most time-honored and cherished of these is the Sophomore prerogative of making life miserable for the Freshmen—in short, the hazing custom.

Now everyone knows all about this hazing business. We've all been through it, we've done our best to be sporting about it, and when our turn came, we more or less gleefully gave as we had received. Therefore, there's nothing new to us in the physical aspect of hazing. The question is, dare we downface the years back of this custom and really ask, "What is its psychological aspect? Does it accomplish the mental results we want it to? After all—is it worth the effort and the agony?"

Primarily, it might be well to understand just what is the object of hazing. Its object *should* be to initiate the Freshmen into college life by showing them the dignity of their new estate and impressing on their minds the importance of their new work. At present, it seems to be to afford the Sophomores

some fun. The argument is presented that hazing makes the two classes acquainted. Yes, they do get to know one another, but it is our honest belief that a Sophomore has never met the real personality of a Freshman through hazing. She meets a being who is one of two things—fresh, or glum. A Freshie is “bold” when she retorts at all and “dumb” when she’s afraid to retort. Did you ever stop to think that this “boldness” may be the natural reaction of the clever, quick-thinking and excitable type of girl to her ridiculous garb and her unusual position; that this “dumbness” is the reaction of the shy or quiet girl to the same stimuli? Every one who has ever attended a masquerade or a fancy-dress ball knows that there is nothing in the world that affects the mental attitude so much as a costume. If you will stop to think about it you will realize that, while being hazed, Freshmen earn labels for themselves which they seldom deserve; that “boldness” and “dumbness” are merely defense mechanisms behind which they are hiding their true selves. You may learn their names but you cannot learn their personalities.

Another argument has it that hazing brings out a Freshman’s good points and shows up the bad. Which is merely another way of saying—good sportsmanship or poor sportsmanship. In this instance being a good sport consists in having a strong constitution and being able to stand up under any amount of horseplay. Yet, a girl may be the best sport in the world and still her finer sensibilities will rebel against the crudeness of such initiatory measures; her dignity may be very precious to her; she resents being divested of it so rudely; yet, we repeat, she may be the best sport in the world. You see, that sort of thing just doesn’t seem right to her. Now the college needs the girl with the finer sensibilities; she is a better student, a more enthusiastic worker and a more eager seeker after the ideals we hold so high. Why discourage such a girl at the outset?

Again—you who argue about the showing up of good and bad points—do you forget that it also means a showing up of

Sophomores? To put a little power, especially over a fellow creature, into some people's hands, is fatal. All that is animal in them rises to the surface, and they find vent for every kind of rudeness and imposition that their minds can conceive. But in general, it seems to us that there is nothing sillier to look at than a Freshman in a hazing garb—unless, perhaps, it is the Sophomore who follows her, nose in air and gown trailing in the dust.

All of this constitutes the basis of why so many people disapprove of hazing as we know it now. We say "as we know it now" because we all realize that some form of hazing is essential—if only that we be "collegiate." We even go so far as to suggest a method. Let us have the Freshmen advertise their lowly station in life by wearing a particular kind of cap or scarf or tie. Make it compulsory for them to step aside for upper classmen, and to confine themselves to particular parts of the building. The period of probation, if it may be called that, could be made to last longer, perhaps from the end of September to the beginning of the Christmas holidays. Then there would come to the Freshmen a knowledge of their lowly degree, together with special habits of courtesy which could not fail of effecting far more of good than does the childish horse-play we now use in the vain hope that it will bring about that end.

St. Joseph's must get rid of this hazing tradition, which time has *not* honored, but rather, has made ridiculous. Here is an institution that has been gilded with the cheap tinsel of an alleged "collegianism." It is high time that we readjusted our values to the extent, at least, of adopting a better system of hazing.

CAMPAIGNS

UNQUESTIONABLY, this year marks a great change in the history of St. Joseph's College. The years of steady growth have carried her beyond the small school, where everyone knew everyone else, into the realm of the larger institution in which the individual may be lost in the crowd. The effects of this expansion are as far-reaching as they are inevitable. It is our work, we who are the college during this time of fruition, to reconcile the new with the old. We must create new activities. We must discover new means of surmounting new difficulties. We must amend the old methods.

The principles of our student government are as firm and as fine a basis for organization now as they were at the time of their adoption. The ideals set before us by those girls who started St. Joseph's along her path of glory are still an inspiration to us who carry on their work. But the means we use to fulfill their plans and carry their ideals still higher, must change with changing conditions.

The truth of this was forcibly brought home during the recent elections. There was a time when voting for a candidate for *any* office meant choosing a friend, or at least an acquaintance, whose qualifications one knew through actual experience. This is no longer the case. Too often now, the names on the bulletin at the polls mean nothing to the voter. Today, the candidate must depend on two things, her personality and her record of service. And if we are to elect a girl on her record, she must make that record public.

We need campaigns. Every year there are issues on which the college is divided, and the candidates for the major offices should declare their stands on these issues. Every year there are possible reforms to be undertaken. Let the candidates announce their opinions of these changes. Finally, let the student body know of former experience and success in minor executive positions previously held. The best and most effective methods of giving the student body these facts is by posters and

platform speeches. Let us abolish the fast-growing practice of buttonholing one's acquaintances and urging them to vote for "So-and-so" simply because she is someone's friend and a member of some clique.

We know this plan is radical. We recognize difficulties in its fulfillment. Yet the old method must die out as the registration of the college increases. As years go on it will become more and more ineffectual. Campaigning is necessary, is even now practiced. Would it not be better, for everyone, to do it openly? Would it not be a more successful means of arousing interest and bringing out the vote?

We do not advocate the loss of any of the friendly spirit, the feeling of camaraderie so universal here, and so precious. That is one heritage the old college has left to the new that we must never lose. We who witness the transition must carry that gift intact, but in our regard for the old things, in our respect for the traditions, we must not lose sight of the need for change, and here, in this campaign issue, is a fine beginning for the amendment of old methods to meet new conditions.

ASSEMBLY

UP a step for St. Joseph's! Every Friday morning sees the entire undergraduate body file into the auditorium for general assembly. A new name ought to be adopted for this gathering for it is not what it used to be. From a mere recitation of appointments interspersed with well-aimed comments on student conduct, the program has evolved into one of interest, education and dignity. The assemblies of this semester have been one more pleausurably surprising than the other. We find music, both vocal and instrumental, chosen for every taste and executed to perfection. Speeches have introduced to the student body girls whose ability was heretofore unknown, but deserving of recognition nevertheless.

On the whole, we have made a fine start, and that's half the battle, but a few modest suggestions might help in the right

direction. We offer the following one, in the hope not only that it will be acted upon, but that it will bring forth other ideas that will be of real constructive value to these assemblies which should mean so much to us. Our plea is in regard to the college song. Everyone knows that we are not singing it as effectively as we might. This is entirely due to the fact that we don't practice the song enough. There are many girls who can play the music and who would be glad to spend half-hours occasionally in trying it over with groups who want practice. Get your crowd together, take them all down to the gym, and sing! You girls who can play the music—make an effort to have our song sung as you know it should be sung! To sing the college song well is not only a proof of our feeling for Alma Mater, but is something which has a deep psychological effect for good on everyone of us. Let us sing our song—well and often!

What should be dearer to us than the memory of these assemblies, hours spent not with one or two groups, but with the aggregate of groups that make up our institution?

Perhaps we may now look forward to the day when we shall have not a penalty for absence from assembly, but a charge for admission!

“SPIRIT”

WE hear much, of late, about “college spirit,” or perhaps more exactly, the lack of it. Supporters of the good old days claim that the college student and alumnus of today have lost that blind loyalty and unswerving devotion to Alma Mater which characterized the college man or woman of the past.

It is true that the young sophisticate, in college, or just out of it, looks with disfavor upon “pep meetings” and sentimental vows of undying loyalty. It isn't being done any more! And why should it be? It never was more than an emotional outlet. But who can say, and prove, that a genuine college spirit no longer exists? On the other hand, we do say, and can prove,

that it does exist, with a fine example right here in St. Joseph's. And we go no further than our own Alumnae Association for the proof.

When the plans for the new building were announced, the Alumnae quietly and unobtrusively set about raising the sum of ten thousand dollars, a pledge to the St. Joseph's that was to be. Those of you who were present at the Conferring of Degrees last June know the result of their labors. On that night, Bishop Molloy was presented by the Alumnae with a check for ten thousand dollars. Thereby a goal had been reached, an ideal realized, not in the merely pecuniary sense, but in this very matter we contend about, college spirit.

The Alumnae are of the college, but certainly not in it. The fine physical equipment of the college today is of no immediate value to them. Yet they have aided materially in its attainment. Surely there is a very real spirit back of a demonstration like theirs.

We of St. Joseph's can afford to downface the defenders of "the good old days." College spirit still lives, more vital, more genuine, than it has ever been.

May we, on behalf of the Undergraduate Association, express our sincere thanks and humble congratulations to our Alumnae?

AS WE LIKE IT

NONSENSE AND STUFF

THE idea of running a "colyum" (to be professional) has always had a peculiar fascination for us, but up till now, it has remained merely another suppressed desire. Now, with the responsibility of filling what looks like Boyle's Thirty Acres resting upon these shoulders, most anything ought to be forgiven us. It is in this spirit that we present, not a column, but something as nearly approximating that ideal as we can make it. The main idea is to present, instead of a long article, a number of squibs, in column-fashion, bringing various contemporary matters to your attention. We hope by this means to aid in combating the charge that LORIA is dull, remote, academic.

We feel that we start off with this advantage, that the student body will read these effusions, if only to get their money's worth. But we hope that it will not always be such a mercenary proposition.

* * *

We have served a quasi-apprenticeship by reading practically every column published in the metropolitan dailies. (We still think F. P. A.'s Conning Tower the best of the lot.—Advt.) All we got out of our study was the columnistic "we," and an urge to "go places and insult people."

* * *

We never realized the enormity of the college overhead in the matter of red ink until we went into the office the other day to check those records! And all the extra labor involved in sticking those maddening plus signs alongside a D! Come now, who'd like to establish an endowment to cover this red-ink item?

* * *

And how about a vote of thanks to the heroine (she shall remain nameless) who called the Dean's attention to the lack of mirrors? *Cum laude?* Fine!

* * *

In case your tastes run to mystery and detective fiction (as ours emphatically did this summer), you might look into these, as they won't be obsolete too soon: "The Omnibus of Crime" is a veritable treasure horde—some thousand pages of both the natural and the supernatural. Best appreciated when excavated bit by bit. "The Roman Hat Mystery" rather leaves the reader out of it, as far as a real chance at the detective work goes, but it's well and plausibly written. "Blair's Attic": Joseph Lincoln collaborates with his son, to produce his usual amusing Cape Cod stuff, enlivened by mystery in the buried-treasure vein. "Hide in the Dark": charming people, speaking charming dialogue, entangled in a not so charming murder. Puzzling mystery set in an unusual background. Gets along very well without a Sherlock Holmes of any sort, too. And in case you haven't done so already, be sure to read "They Stooped to Folly," one of the wittiest satires in recent years—a social study which does not collapse under its own weight.

* * *

To those of you who are interested in what to do after college, of course in a purely business sense, here's a suggestion made by Dr. McDonald in a Secondary Ed. class recently. R. H. Macy & Company have several openings for college graduates as personnel directors of part-time workers and other employees who must attend continuation school. This seems to be one of the few situations where the demand exceeds the supply.

* * *

Oh, and lest we forget, this column idea is merely a contribution to the *As We Like It* department, and in no way supersedes it. That is, *As We Like It* still anxiously implores contributions of the usual fairly long prose type, or verse of any kind; in fact, any sort of contribution your fancy and good nature lead you to make.

* * *

Session of any class as it would be described by the radio football announcer:

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience.

It is now exactly 8:55, and the struggle is due to commence any minute now. The class is lined up in battle formation, and is going through a snappy signal drill. Now they're in a huddle. One last line-up, the signal is called, and answers relayed through the class. Fast work it was, too. Great day for the contest. Wait a minute, the crowd is jumping up—ah, Professor X has just taken the field. He walks in like a winner, slams his books on the desk, and skirmishes quickly through his notes. As I was saying, folks, it's a perfect day for the contest, clear, not too cold. Wow! There goes the bell—nine A. M.—and they're off! It looks from here as if a couple in the class have gotten away—with plenty. No, wait a minute, the Prof. has hurled a long question down the field, and bowled over the whole class. A slight recovery is made, when the class scholar intercepts the pass for a long run near the sidelines. Oops, too bad, she's downed, and out of the game with a nine! There's something wrong, they're not lining up. Oh, here it is. The Prof. has protested the use of text or notes, and half the class are out on a zip. They're lining up, signals, hep! Question snapped, and the Prof.'s gotten away! He's galloping down the field, hanging on to that question like grim death! None can stop him—one last defense—she's down—he's free—he's over the line! First score made by Professor X!"

Well, you get the idea!

* * *

We're going to call it a day now, and we sincerely hope you're going to call it a column!

M. N. C., '30.

FRESHMAN NOTE

WE Freshmen are very apt pupils. We have learned through painful experience that nothing must be wasted; no, not even onions. Therefore, we propose to dispose of our hazing outfits in a proper manner. Viz. and to wit: We donate one complete outfit to the Sophomores for use as a tapestry in the sanctum. The mules we wore will make wonderful hanging baskets; we suggest that they be filled with forget-me-nots and hung along the walls of the corridors. Filled with a zeal for the promotion of learning, we unselfishly donate our newspapers to the library. Our gowns we freely offer to the science department for use as cloths in lab. work. The red and black stripes from said gowns, particularly the broad red one from that of Miss Hines, we give to the Sophomore sanctum. We recommend that these valued pieces of priceless material be saved until next year. Then, when *we* are hazing the Freshmen, we will have them braid the aforesaid stripes into a beautiful rag rug for the sanctum of the class of '32. Thus, we shall make a fitting return for the tender care and loving attention that we have received at the hands of '32.

SUZANNE MARTIN, '33.

THE SEA

How to resist the lure of a sea,
Drenched in the glory of mad August's sun—
Green wavelets beck'ning—that won't let you be,
That creep to your toes, turn tail and then run—
You needs must reply to the crystal-clear sea,
Must yield to its gentle, its cooling embrace.
You want to shout "Nay," but you know you're not free:
You're caught in the mesh of its white edge of lace.
Wildly you sport with the little green waves,
Then quietly float and dream and wish.
Fear gone—you're traveling in palace or caves,
When, "Ouch! I knew it! A jellyfish!"

LAURA FOURNIER, '33.

YOU

For your eyes,
I adore you;
For your humor,
I deplore you.
And "yours truly"—
Do I bore you?
For your sense of things,
I like it;
For your cautiousness,
I have to like it.

But for the heart and soul of you,
The man beneath the boy of you—
The world still has a few of you—
Thank God!

ANNA HARRIGAN, '31.

MOANIN' LOW

AMONG Life's little ironies . . . you raise bigger and better blisters in the sun-tan area . . . *and* the tan fades. . . . People who ought to be rolled over and buttered . . . the ones who say Oak when they mean Oh Kay . . . the ones who park in the Dean's office when you have *business* . . . the ones who go out for endurance records on the telephone. . . . But then there's the brighter side . . . among which . . . "The Desert Song" . . . Sleepy Valley's dance . . . and also, to be remembered . . . Placid . . . Fire Island . . . Promenade des Anglais (Alumnae note) . . . Seaside Park . . . doing seventy on the Milford Pike. . . . But to get back to moanin' . . . outside stuff for Ethics . . . dividing on a Burroughs Calculator . . . "equal the stroke-wheel." . . . Then there's always . . . losing your locker-key . . . "Lemme see your license" . . . catching your sock on a lecture chair . . . trying to bluff in Scripture . . . in Philosophy . . . in Ethics . . . the seeds in grapes . . . the moral aspects of Contracts . . . that song, "Junior" . . . D pluses . . . Who wouldn't . . . moan . . . low . . . ?

KAY FOURNIER, '30.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

THE COLLEGE OPENING

The new scholastic year began formally at St. Joseph's on Friday morning, September 20. Mass was attended by the student body assembled in the new auditorium. A brief address of welcome by Doctor Dillon followed.

JUNIOR-FRESHMAN LUNCHEON

In accord with tradition, the Junior class opened the social season of the college with a luncheon for the Freshmen. The Junior President, Marian Baltes, and her committee were rewarded for their prompt and zealous work by the beginnings of a real inter-class friendship, which had been foreshadowed in the summer correspondence between the Freshmen and their Junior sisters.

FIRST U. A. MEETING

The first regular meeting of the Undergraduate Association was held on Friday, September 27. The entertainment was in honor of the Class of '33. A musical program was followed by two addresses to the Freshmen. Marian Baltes, Junior President, welcomed the Freshmen and told the rest of the student body what a fine group they were. Eleanor Hennessey, Sophomore President, took a very different note, chiding the newcomers on their brash ways and promising speedy chastisement and training.

Geraldine Walsh announced the continued existence of the Social Service Club, and cordially invited the Freshmen to meet with the old members on Friday, October 4, to plan for future activities.

Dorothy Bird, Business Manager of LORIA, asked for advertisements. Catharine Fournier, Editor-in-Chief, made an appeal for material.

Friday, October 4, was announced as the date for election of U. A. officers.

**THE PUBLIC
HAZING**

On Wednesday, October 2, the Sophomore exhibited representative specimens of their findings among the Freshmen. '32's self-appointed task seems to have been pursued ably, and they assure us that the Freshmen have come through nobly. Judging by what we have seen, '33 has the right spirit.

**CERCLE
MOLIERE**

Jeannette Hannan, president of the Cercle Molière, announces that the club has planned to do some unusually interesting work this year. Besides the production of a play in French, which will take place late next semester, the members will read "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon," by Edmond Rostand. The short talks in French on French art, music, literature and personalities will be continued. Several meetings will be given over entirely to French conversation among the members. By virtue of its affiliation with the Alliance Française, the Cercle Molière will be privileged to present, some time during the year, a well-known French lecturer.

**ABACUS
CLUB**

The Abacus Club expects to have an interesting and instructive program this year. The schedule includes plans to learn and practise the use of the transit, and to have the usual discussions and papers. Some of the subjects will be "The Mathematics of Astronomy," "The Application of Geometry to Design," and the lives and work of some of the great mathematicians whose centenaries occur this year. The officers for the current year are Eileen Cox, Chairman, and Eleanor McLoughlin, Secretary.

PRAYER

With the first day of this semester the devotions held at twelve-forty-five were started again. These prayers are conducted by the students every day and are held in the Chapel. Five minutes clipped off your lunch hour will enable you to get back to school in time to join in. Surely you can spare five minutes a day for this worthy project.

**HONOR
GUARD**

We are privileged to have Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for a few hours on the First Friday. The Honor Guard which was customary in the past was discontinued during the construction period but has been revived. The "watches" are fifteen minutes long. The number of students during each of these periods is not limited. Everyone is invited to participate. Sign up on the poster on the bulletin board a day or two in advance so that the presence of someone at all times will be insured.

MASS

In the past a demand for Mass at the College in the mornings has been evidenced. This year the Stella Maris Mission Circle is providing for a Mass to be said at eight o'clock in our Chapel every First Friday. Breakfast is served afterwards in the cafeteria.

**MERCIER
CIRCLE**

The first meeting of the Mercier Circle was held on Friday evening, October 11. Miss Anne Kenny, '29, presided. Doctor Dillon continued the course in Ontology with a lecture on the Categories; Mary Stack spoke on her Philosophy of Life, and Eileen McNamara read a paper on Cardinal Mercier. Following this program there was a business meeting to elect Officers for the coming year. Catharine Fournier was elected President, Katherine Keely, Secretary, and Teresa Schreiber, Chairman of the Program Committee, which also includes Anne Kenny and Julia Gubitosi.

**HISTORY
CLUB**

The History Club met on Thursday, October 10, to elect officers and to discuss plans for the coming year. The new officers are Geraldine Walsh, President; Marian Baltes, Secretary, and Katherine Wheeler, Chairman of the Program Committee. During the coming year the History Club plans to make some extensive biographical studies. From time to time the programs will include speakers well known in Brooklyn educational circles.

**U. A.
ELECTIONS**

The Undergraduate Association elected its officers on Friday, October 4. Marguerite Doyle is President, Zita Hawkins, Vice-President; Helen Newman, Secretary, and Mary Whelan, Treasurer. We offer them our sincerest congratulations, and pledge them our consistent support.

**OTHER
ELECTIONS**

During the week of October 7, several other elections took place. The new officers of the Glee Club are: President, Margaret Reilly; Vice-President, Marie Mulligan; Secretary-Treasurer, Katherine Kelly. The Literary Society voted May Meany, President; Josephine Coddington, Vice-President; Marion Elberfeld, Secretary, and Gertrude Unser, Treasurer. The Athletic Association has chosen Mary Whelan and Gladys Worthley cheer-leaders.

**DRAMATIC
CLUB**

The Dramatic Club is already in full swing. The members are rehearsing three one-act plays—a comedy, a fantasy, and a “serious” piece. Miss Louise Clifford has taken up the work of coaching. Teresa Schreiber, Mary Golden, Margaret Murphy and Mary Murtha, officers of the club, are working with her to make the season of 1929-1930 particularly successful.

CLUB

The Glee Club is learning a song which is to be their contribution to the exercises of the formal opening of St. Joseph's new building. They also promise to present an operetta in January.

EXCHANGE

LORIA has now a big family. Last June was born into the literary world her youngest—introducing, ladies and gentlemen, Exchange, St. Joseph's cadet, so to speak. "It's a wise child" already, for it has adopted a most erudite philosophy—that of letting the dead past bury its dead. Despite this fact, however, it is firmly determined, and I know the infant personally, to make this part of LORIA a column of controversy and opinion. As yet, the editors have not disclaimed responsibility for them. The diet of short stories, essays, poems, and like high-brow material found in the usual college magazine may seem a somewhat indigestible menu for one so lately introduced to the concoctions of our modern literary table, but Exchange is a hardy infant and we are out to prove it. In fact, even a few jokes, *bons mots*, *hors d'œuvres* and *billets-doux* will be permitted as light desserts by no less than Dawson of Penn (himself). The world may sadly fear that the child will die of malnutrition, but we know otherwise.

And so, ladies and gentlemen, when the exchanges begin to come in, expect to hear from us at greater length!

ANNA HARRIGAN, '31.

ALUMNAE NOTES

SOCIAL NOTES

Among the recent weddings were those of Alice Harrigan, Genevieve Sheridan, Margaret Keenan and Mabel Barton. We hear of only one recent Hoboken party: Agnes Corry, Margaret Crowley, Gertrude Dilworth, Bernadette Garvey, Mary McGinnis, Katherine Normile and Margaret Normile dined at Meyers' Cellar and went to see "The Black Crook."

GRADUATE WORK

Marjorie Murphy, Mary Loftus and Helen Sullivan, all of '29, are taking courses in English at Columbia. Margaret McNulty is studying at Columbia for her Ph.D. Catherine Sabbatino, '29, is studying law at Fordham and says she likes it.

PROFESSIONAL NOTES

Cecilia Trunz is now teaching German at our Alma Mater. Dorothy Willmann has thrown her energies into a new field of activity, Sodality Organization work. Anne Schrage did successful dramatic work at Camp Berkshire, Winsted, Connecticut. Emily O'Mara was a popular councillor at the Catholic Daughters of America Camp all summer. Virginia Quinn, '29, is now taking a secretarial course.

TRIPS ABROAD

Florence Newman, Grace Reynolds, Marion O'Reilly, Eleanor Howard, Helen Reynolds, Anne Kenny, Gertrude Jones, and Marjorie Murphy have returned from abroad, after extensive summer trips.

RELIGIOUS

Ellen Manning has joined the Sisters of Mercy at Syosset, and Marie Brennan is now with the Sisters of St. Joseph at Brentwood.

BIRTHS Mrs. Ambrose Crowley (Dorothy Dempsey) has announced the birth of a son, and Mrs. James Tracy (Katherine Fischer) the birth of a daughter.

In Memoriam

LORIA extends deep and sincere sympathy to Katherine Keely, '23, on the death of her brother.

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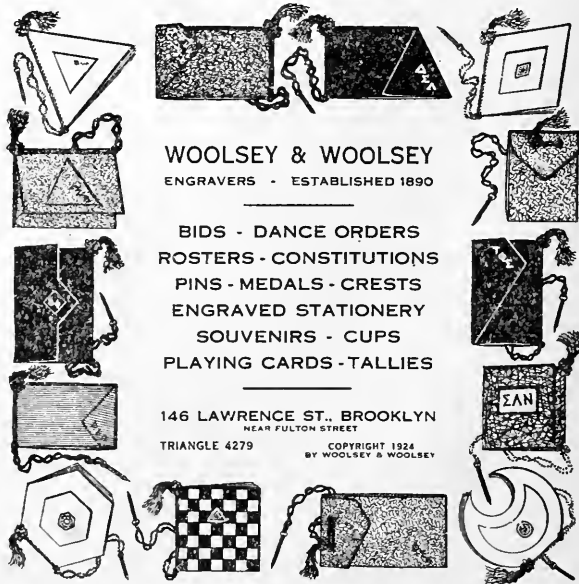
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LORIA



January, 1930



Loria

St. Joseph's College for Women
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Loria

VOL. VII.

JANUARY, 1930.

No. 2.

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Loria

VOL. VII.

JANUARY, 1930.

No. 2.

CANTATE DEO!!

SING to God, O heart, and be
One note in that vast melody
That crashes, flung in ecstasy,
Against the star-hung vault of heaven!

Sing to God!
O God, Thou'lt let me sing?
Thou'lt let this voice, this tongue give praise?
Thou wilt not stem the rising flood of song
That pours from out these lips, in throng
Of words so mad with utter love of Thee
That space itself is conquered, and the throat
Of man has given forth such sound
That very ear of God is smote
By one fierce surge and pound
Of melody triumphant? And the note
Of angels' song becomes a mere refrain—
Sweet music, that so lacks of eloquence
Because it has not known
The haunting throb of pain.

Cantate—! My God, I sing to Thee!
Hast Thou no answer, Lord, to make to me?
Shall offering of mine be like that other,
That spurned gift of Abel's brother,
Unpleasing in Thy sight?
No whisper comes to comfort me,
But in the silence I can hear
One voice—my own.

My voice, but accents strange to me—
A voice all broken with humility,
Yet sweet, with tones unhushed and clear.
It saith, "Lord, I have not given
The best to Thee.
(O bitterest thing!)
Take it, Heart, O Heart!
And let me be
Voiceless, mute, for love of Thee."

KATHERINE KELLY, '32.

WHITE BIRCH AT DAWN

You graced a hilltop, by my path,—
A lovely dancer, tall and slim—
Your pirouetting caught my eye.
(A playful wind was passing by.)

About you was a billowy cloak.
It had the touch of petals, soft;
It was of milky white, and fair.
(A bit of mist was lingering there.)

MARIAN R. BALTES, '31.



DECISION

“ORE tea, Helen?”

“Marion, please. If I said ‘Yes’ every time, I’d be drowned by now.” Her small, chubby hands drummed on the cloth, noiselessly. “Getting drowned would let me out of it all, wouldn’t it? I guess I could drown in a teapot.”

“Coward!”

“No more joking, Marion. This means a lot to me. What am I going to do?”

“Helen, I think you’re kidding me. You come down here for my sage advice on getting rid of Bill Rogers, and I don’t believe you ever had any intention—I like to see him, but I don’t want to—that’s practically what you’ve been saying. Now, what’s it all about?”

“My goodness, that’s what I’ve been trying to tell you. I can’t keep on seeing Bill. It isn’t fair. He’s terribly sensitive. And he’s been so good to me. You don’t *know*. He’s sincere, Marion, all through. He’s honest. He’s the kind of friend that sticks. And he’s so gentle, Marion. He’s never unkind. Often, I know he’s been all out of patience with me, and he’s never said a word. Or in a crowded room, Marion, if I say anything, he always hears—”

“He cares for you?”

“Yes. He’s told me so. So—you see, it just can’t go on.”

“Tell me—”

“It’s all like the middle of a dream—a nightmare—and things don’t stop in the middle. But we can’t get back where we were before—and, oh, Marion, to go forward! Can’t you see what’s coming?”

“Why not let it come?”

“No. In the first place, he’s a perfect pagan—”

“Religion? If he really loves you, that’s easily mended.”

“That’s easily said.”

"I don't know Bill very well, but if he's—"

"You don't know him, or you wouldn't say that. It isn't just a question of religion. If that were all, I'd take a chance. Only, well, I'm a little mule, but he's two. And he's just enough older than I am to make me do what *he* wants."

"Oh. Age. What has *that* to do with it?"

"A lot. Bill's pre-war stuff. Don't grin. He really is. The age I am now—he was that old when the 'Yanks went over there.' He's grown up with a pile of prehistoric notions about women, and education, and—"

"Say! What's this? If you mean you can't get along with him—"

"It's all right now. We don't see so much of each other. But I think if we did, we couldn't pull together.—You're not listening."

"He told you he cared for you. It seems to me you missed a good chance—"

"Marion, how could I, then?"

"What did you say?"

"I—I didn't say anything."

* * *

Helen sat in the back of the boat, watching Bill's tousled blond head bent over the fly-wheel. What a delicious "dressing" he'd make for a dish of wheat cakes—honey and butter. He looked up suddenly, and catching her eyes upon him, smiled, and then bent over his work again.

It would be hard to tell him that this was their last day together. But she must make it so. As Marion had said when they parted yesterday, it wasn't fair not to let him know her attitude. It was true that she was being cowardly, not kind. But—

The engine gave a spurt, chugged smoothly and Bill drew the cover over it.

"Helen, wake up. We're off. Come up here and help steer. You'll see more. No, don't sit down. You can't see over the

deck down there. Stand here, now, like that, and hold the wheel—so. See? Keep the bow pointed at the buoy out there, till I come back.” He ducked into the cabin. A moment later, he appeared, and one hand behind him, looked forward, grimaced, and turned the wheel a little to the left. “You can sit down, now. And close your eyes. All right now—open. Look!” He was holding out a bulk of green waxpaper. Eagerly, Helen reached out and pulled open the paper.

“Tea-roses! Oh, Bill!” She swallowed hard. “Bill, they’re—beautiful.” Her eyes burned.

He came over to her side, and took the wheel.

“Here, stop that. Can’t I give you anything without making you cry? Helen, don’t.”

“I—I’m sorry. There. I’m all right. They’re so—beautiful.” She hid her face in the cream and coral mass. She couldn’t tell him today. Not yet. Just one more day. It was spoiled already for her; why spoil it for him now? Just today. Once more. She looked up.

“Thank you, Bill—I—,” then hurriedly, “Is there water in the cabin? I’ll keep them fresh—”

“No, wear them. They’ll fade quicker in there.”

“Let me bring water out, then. I’m afraid—I don’t want them to fade, Bill!”

“Oh, all right,” he said; “only please don’t cry.” Then, as she went inside—“Helen! You’d better not. The boat will—” But she was already out again, a jar in her hands. She set it on the dock and put the roses into it. Suddenly the boat lurched, and they both jumped back, as the jar crashed over.

With a pained little cry, Helen snatched up the flowers, and hugged the dripping things to her. Bill stood startled for a moment, then burst into laughter. But as suddenly he broke off; there were tears in Helen’s eyes.

“I’m sorry, Helen. Here, let me help.” He tried to brush the spattered dress dry. “You poor kid. There. It’s all right now.”

Helen let him lead her back to the seat, and sighed content-

edly as she leaned back. He steered in silence a while. Helen held up the flowers.

"The tumble didn't hurt them. Look, Bill, the way this big open one bends over the bud!"

"Yes. Like—a sort of shield." Another silence, and then: "Helen, are you happy with me? Don't turn away. Are you, Helen?"

"Yes. Oh, yes."

He looked into her eyes during a long moment. She wondered irrelevantly if the lights in his eyes—if they were stored-up stars saved for the night-time.

"Helen," he blurted, "will you marry me?"

Helen grew rigid.

"Oh, Bill, why did you say that?"

"Helen, what's the matter?"

"Now you've spoiled everything. Oh!"

"Helen—why, you mean—you don't want to marry me?"

"Oh! I—I *can't*."

"Don't you think you could be happy with me?"

Helen shook her head. "I—no—I wouldn't make you happy, Bill. I'm too useless. I'd be an awful kid—"

"You mean I'm too old?"

"No—no."

"Yes, I guess I'd no right to try to get a girl like you," he said dully. "And I've always been alone—not good company."

"You have been good company, Bill. You were always so—"

Bill looked up hopefully. "Helen, then why did you say we couldn't pull together? Come, tell, now. Are you stalling? To get me all fluttered, m-m-m?"

"I mean it. I'm afraid."

"Tell me, Helen."

"Oh, you're not—I'm— You see, it would seem funny—You have no religion—and I have—and I wouldn't want to give it up—"

"To give it up? Why should you? Go to church. I won't care."

"No? But—would you come with me?"

"No, Helen," he said slowly. "I wouldn't interfere with anyone else, but, for myself, I don't think it's necessary. I try to do the right thing. That's enough. There's more in that than in going through a lot of—"

"Well, I don't want to interfere either, with anyone. But—with you—you have nothing to interfere with—and—Bill, it's so—I don't see how you can live without some kind of religion."

"Oh, I'm not an atheist. I'm a Christian. I believe in God, and being honest, and all that, but, as for belonging to a sect—"

"There, Bill. How could we get along together? You'd stay home and I'd go to church—and you'd think it all bunk."

"No, Helen. I—Helen, don't let's argue. I love you. Before there was religion, there was love. Hush. It's all right. Don't worry. I've planned a nice little house, and you won't give me a chance to tell about it. S-s-sh. Church happens only once a week."

"You don't understand."

"What do you want me to understand?"

"My religion. Even if you don't want to accept it, you could try to learn—and perhaps you'd change your mind—?"

"No, Helen. If I did that—I've no religion, no. But my family has; they're Protestant. Why, they'd say I was a fool to adopt a religion for my wife's sake."

"Why, Bill!"

"It would be, wouldn't it, just to gratify you?"

"Bill," she whispered. Then quite deliberately—"I'm quite sure we shouldn't be happy together."

"Helen! Helen! Don't turn away. Don't be angry!" He dropped his head.

* * *

Helen put the "finishing touches" to her room. Then, going to the bookcase, she pulled out the big, old dictionary. At bedtime, the other night, she had laid away all Bill's roses, in tissue paper, between the pages. As she carried the book to her desk, she wondered what impulse had led her to press them. First,

she had wanted to set them on her table; then, to throw them away; then, she longed to keep them always, fresh and alive. Then she had put them into the book, and shelved it.

But the problem was not so easily shelved. And she had promised Bill to tell him, when he came today, what she had decided. That night she had cried till sleep blurred both the temptation to pity him, and the will to be wise.

After all, she thought, setting the book down, he did love her. He'd be kind to her. If she could keep her emotions out of the matter of religion, why couldn't they be as friendly as always, as they were now? Yet, how could religion be kept out—it was always cropping up in one's life. Still, why couldn't she be rational about it! No man could be better than Bill. To be as good as he, with only "natural virtue" for a guide, was splendid. And he was so fine, so—

Eagerly, her hands threw back the heavy cover, turned over the pages.

"Oh!" The cry of a lost child might be louder, but no more pained.

"Oh, my poor, beautiful flowers!"

The little bud, the big graceful rose that had bent over it—the two crushed flowers were disfigured with a fuzzy white mold. She turned away, then looked back again, startled.

Her eyes deepened with realization. Then she walked away from the flowers, that had been so lovely. She had wanted them to keep. But they *couldn't* keep. That mold had ruined them, despite her efforts.

"Yes, I see now—" she whispered.

And the problem was settled.

ETHEL R. MADDEN, '30.



MARCHE FUNÈBRE

DOWN from the hilltop

Thunders thy cry,

Lost

Lost

Lost.

Weary, the valley

Echoes reply,

Lost

Lost

Lost.

Shrieking, the heart-beats

Pound to the sky,

Lost

Lost

Lost.

Cold, stealthy, creeping—

After thee—I,

Lost

Lost

Lost.

KATHLEEN A. FORD, '32.

NORAH



WITH a sigh of exhaustion, Mrs. Breen sank into a chair. Her brow wrinkled in tight furrows as she looked down at the crumpled letter in her hand. It was five o'clock, the hour she had all to herself, for the children were still out playing, and the grown-ups hadn't returned from business yet.

Everything in the room, except the bent figure of the woman in the chair, was softened by approaching dusk. Bright tears welled up in her eyes and coursed down her cheeks. She should have been angry. She should have given her sister Alice "a piece of her mind," as she often said. But thought didn't come easily now. Discouragement robbed her of any feeling; she wasn't stunned—quite, nor bitter at the turn events had taken; but—all those bright hopes of hers, where were they? Was it for this that she had kept alive the spark of hope, cherished through many a trouble? And yet, a year or so ago, her trip to the Old Sod, to see her mother's grave, and perhaps, to wake up some fine morning and to run over to Raftery's for the warm, new milk, had not seemed impossible. Norah felt then, that since Mike was sending one sister across to the other side, he might as well send the other, because the order required a companion anyway. There was but one loop-hole to the perfection of it all—the blindness of her own kin.

Michael was a bachelor, and big in every way. He hadn't always been like the bone between two dogs when his sisters were around. But on the rare occasions when Alice left the classroom in Mobile and Norah her family in Brooklyn, and the two sisters met, they found a certain hostility springing up between them. Alice was always so even-tempered (when Michael was there). It never entered Norah's head to be any different from the sister she had been when she played tag with him years ago. She was as ready to say, "But Mike, that's foolish," as, "Well, for once you've shown some sense!"

Since Alice had made the South her home, she wore her

unruffled dignity remarkably well for a Wexfordonian. And she allowed no one to interfere with this tranquillity. Wherever Alice stayed on vacation, she made it known, as soon as she deemed it proper, that her nerves needed a rest from the tedium of school work. Should one of Norah's children ask (beyond earshot of Norah) for a nickel from Uncle Mike, Aunt Alice would brush the youngster away with, "I'm sure your mother taught you not to ask for money, especially from such a good uncle as your Uncle Mike is," and she would turn away from the crestfallen child to the brother, who admired this management of a situation which Norah had often confessed she couldn't handle. Strange, thought Norah, that Michael, who was so free with his money and his gifts, should hold up this little meanness in another! But Alice would pursue her advantage by chiding him, not *too* insistently, for spending his "hard-earned money."

He would often go into the city, manifestly to buy her gifts, but with Alice it was always that she "just didn't realize what he was about, or she would never have allowed him to do it." But she never refused anything.

Brother Michael became fairly prosperous as one pleasant summer succeeded another. Alice would come up from Mobile, as a matter of course, as soon as the school year ended. Shortly she did not have to complain that the subway was bad for her nerves—a car was put at her disposal. She saw all the sights that Boston, Philadelphia and New York had to offer. Norah, who had lived in Brooklyn since she landed thirty years ago, was forced to admit once to her sister that she had never seen the view from the top of the Woolworth Building.

"But, my dear Norah, you've lived here all these years and you haven't even been on the Tower?"

"Well, Alice, if you had a supper to get for a hungry man every night, besides bringing up a brood like mine, you'd find it very easy to 'pass up' a chance to see the Woolworth Tower."

Summer vacations to Norah meant packing the children to the beach or to camp, if there was any money. That is, until the year that Mike brought her down to the Exposition. Things

began to change for Norah. She had worked just as hard afterwards, but somehow, the work went faster, because now she had another trip to think of. She knew that Alice had always planned just such a trip across the ocean, but until steamship rates began to be talked about, she thought it all a wild dream. Then, it suddenly seemed possible. How logical for Norah, as she and Alice and Michael sat around table, to consider herself in all the anticipations and plans! Alice's ambition was a tour of the continent which would culminate at Rome (with perhaps a look at Ireland before she left for America). But Norah scarcely slept nights, thinking of Enniscorthy.

Yet something rankled within her. She always felt that Mike rather overlooked her troublous life in contemplation of Alice's sacrificial career. A fear disquieted her heart. As if to confirm it, quite unexpectedly Norah heard that the tickets were bought and everything was in readiness—but not a word about a companion, from Mike or Alice. But Norah had been sure that, at a time like this, all little grievances would be buried. What great days there would be at sea—calm and restful—the quiet she had longed for, now within her reach! She would visit her brother in Cork and bring Mollie some dressgoods. Happy hope swept away her fears. Would she remember the cobbler, Kearney? She could hardly wait. But she began to think again and be worried. After all, it was up to Alice's affection and magnanimity. Supposing she never even thought of her sister as a possible companion? Oh, but she couldn't! She must know how grand it would be for Norah to get away from the house? Perhaps Alice was afraid of her manners? Not having been more than a few miles from home since she began to keep house, she might not know how to do things. But she could cover up her ignorance by listening and not saying much. She sent up a fervent, humble little prayer that she might be included. Then she had gone happily about her work.

* * *

Norah Breen awoke to the present with a start. She smoothed the wrinkled paper across her knees and reread the

words in a last hope that she had seen the wrong message. But truth could be no plainer—

“Glenbrian, Enniscorthy.

“DEAR NORAH:

I suppose you know (her brother's wife wrote) by this time, that Alice called here for a few hours. She stayed at a convent three miles from here, and hardly went near Bill's family at all. . . . She seemed terrible distant, complaining of the inconvenience that the mule was—and poor Timmie trying to do his proudest for her. . . .”

ANNA HARRIGAN, '31.

DREAM CARGO

DOWN the dim horizon trailing,
Shadow-steeped in misty sea—
Swift as silvered arrow sailing,
Comes my Dream Ship back to me.

Cargo rich beyond believing,
This, my barque, has garnered in.
Strange indeed, this wealth—for I had
Sent her out an empty thing.

KATHERINE KELLY, '32.



ON WRITING A LETTER



HERE is only one problem that is more difficult than eating corn on the cob, and that is writing a letter. I don't care to whom the letter is to be written—it is always hard to write.

Seeing you on the verge of a nervous breakdown, the family has sent you away to the lofty Catskills for a rest. Obviously, on or about the third day, after receiving five or six telegrams, you must write them a letter. It should run something like this: "Up with the chickens, ate an inspiring breakfast, dressed very warmly, and romped around the hillside with the buttercups (eating only five poison berries), fed peanuts to the pigs, hugged the rooster, drank nine quarts of newly-hatched milk, studied for the Philosophy condition and retired with the sun." The difficulty lies in the terrific mental struggle you have as to whether to stick to the truth or to write the folks a letter that will make them happy. Making them happy is usually considered the only decent thing.

When you leave high school, of course, you'll write to your old favorites among the faculty. Usually they're English teachers, since no one ever heard of anybody's liking an Intermediate Algebra teacher or someone like that. Writing a letter to your English teacher is just like writing a theme, only worse. You can visualize the same red ink slashes and hieroglyphics in the margin, and here your subject matter is an even worse problem. It doesn't seem to be just the thing to rhapsodize about the new school, your present English teacher—or the like. It also seems rather ungrateful to mourn your present lot after all the good wishes she gave you for your future. In this case you usually end by not writing, and the result is that some day when you are in need of a job you'll try in vain to make the teacher in question remember what friends you and she used to be.

If in one of those moments of extreme weakness and disillusionment that come to one during a summer spent in a Long Island town, you allow yourself to become the crush of a twelve

year old female, realize at once that during the ensuing autumnal season you will be obliged to write sundry epistles to the little dear. This seems a good chance to slip up a bit on the old grammar, but the horrible thought smites you that this child is in the seventh—or is it the eighth?—grade, thereby possessing some knowledge of the decencies of English speech. How terrible to ruin a child's faith and shatter her ideals by a participle that dangles! The tenor of the letter should be rather light and playful—something suitable for the twelve year old mind. If you are so foolish as to reread the finished product you wonder if this is the sudden cropping out of that strain of idiocy that comes to you from an uncle in the maternal line.

It would seem to be a comparatively easy matter to write to your friends and contemporaries. This, however, is a mistaken notion. You should first visualize the scene wherein your friend receives the letter:

(A mother is hovering about.)

MOTHER: Marion, from whom is your letter?

FRIEND: From Beatrice.

MOTHER: What has she to say?

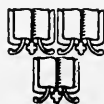
FRIEND (having read enough of the letter): Oh, nothing much.

MOTHER: Where is she? How is her mother? Marion, what does she say?

FRIEND (noting a gleam of determination in the maternal orb): Here, Mother—read and know the worst!

And she probably will, if you have not been careful. The main idea, therefore, is to keep the letter free from any references to daughterly indiscretions. However, what is the point of writing such an unfriendly letter? The whole problem has proved too big for me—so I don't write 'em at all.

BEATRICE C. GREENBAUM, '31.



LOST HOPE

You said you wouldn't come.
I'm sure you will.
(You've come each night so long
That I know your swift steps
Of all that pass.)

I'll move this restful chair
Here, by the lamp,
And put these violets
Into a silver vase
Upon the shelf.

Now everything is done
I'll sit and wait . . .
(Those angry words I said
Were never meant. You knew . . .
Of course you knew.)

But I don't hear your steps . . .
How still it is . . .
The fire's low . . . Perhaps . . .
The fire's out . . . Perhaps . . .
You didn't . . . know.

MARIAN R. BALTES, '31.

ROMANY RYE



EARS ago, Francis Hindes Groome, the "perfect scholar-gypsy and gypsy-scholar," as he has been described, wrote: "Gorgios fancy all gypsies are the same—Lovells and Taylors, Stanleys and Turners, Boswells and Norths. Nay worse than that, they take for gypsies the Nailers, Potters, Besom-makers, and all the rag-tag and bob-tail traveling on the roads." Unfortunately it is true that there are no longer any pure-bred Romanies, and except for the few enduring bits in the jargon of the ordinary van-dwellers, their musical tongue is now extinct.

The Romany language is naturally fascinating, since it is the expression of the most fascinating and colorful life in the world. To one of us, a "Gorgio," the broken tongue of the gypsies seems a poor one, for they are obliged to fashion almost all their nouns by the addition of "engro" (fellow) to an adjective. The resulting combinations are frequently rather amusing, as in the case of "muttram-engro" or sober-fellow, which is the name for tea, and "caun-engro," ear-fellow, or hare. However, are not names like "dud-engro" or sky-fellow, and "bavol-engro" or wind-fellow, much more expressive and lovely than our "star" and "ghost"? The English gypsies had some very novel names for well-known towns and districts like Yarmouth and Suffolk, which were respectively "Match-eneskey-gav," Fishy Town, and "Dinelo tem," Fools' Country. For themselves the gypsies choose very high-sounding names. Many of the men are named Launcelot or Gilderoy, while countless sleek-haired women bear such fanciful appellations as Cinderella, Paradise, and Reyna.

The Romany tongue teems with figurative expressions and legends. When the gypsy means that it is stormy weather he says: "Mr. Pani is abroad," for "Pani" is literally water. But most arresting is the gypsies' deft explanation of why "God counts it no evil for us to steal." A wide-spread superstition has it that the nails for the Cross were forged by a gypsy smith who, by his act, brought about much of the persecution which the Romanies

have endured throughout the centuries. To counteract this legend the gypsies claim that one of their women stole one of the nails, leaving only three with which to pierce the body of Christ, and because of this initial theft, the thieving propensities with which they are credited are wholly blameless. This clever defense is exactly what might be expected of a race which is glib and smooth of tongue from the tiniest child to the oldest grand "bee-bee." It is highly amusing to see and hear an old, leathery-faced gypsy wheedling a "Gorgio" into buying some worthless basket or skewer from "this dear little gypsy." If the situation calls for humility, the usually defiant, boastful Romany becomes a cringing, pitiable creature, plaintively whining: "This poor little gypsy!"

Behind all his flattery and his subservience the Romany harbors a deep and scornful distaste for the Gorgios, and frankly preferring his happy, care-free life, mockingly chants the old gypsy song:

"Oh dearie, dearie me,
What dinnilies¹ these Gorgios be!"

MARION E. WILLMOTT, '31.

ARABESQUE

THE far-away—where all dim murmurs rest,
The floating chiffon of an incense sweet,
The sure, swift flight of some soft-eyed gazelle—
The tinkle of the bangles on your feet.

A fountain trickling o'er the moon-lit sand,
A crystal coil within a silken band,
The questioned whisper of a frightened breeze—
The whiteness of the lifting of your hand.

KATHLEEN A. FORD, '32.

¹Fools

TARENTELLA

HARK to the ring of a tambourine, and the strum of a gay
guitar,

And the laugh of a frivolous moon above, and a frolicking fool-
ish star!

Hark to the crimson of lovers' lips, and the gold-threaded tales
of romance,

And the gleam and the glamour of myriad songs and the spark-
ling delight of a dance.

Tiré, tiré

The gold-threaded tales of romance!

Tiré, tiré

The sparkling delight of a dance!

Tra-la-la-la

Dark eyes beaming—

Laughter in the

Moonlight streaming.

Tra-la-la-la

Lightly singing

Silver voices

Clearly ringing.

Tra-la-la-la

Fascination

In the dancing, bright, entrancing

Pulsing holiday!

Tiré, tiré

A spirit of holiday

Tiré, tiré

The bright-colored dreams of a fay!

Hark to the song of a deep, glowing night, and the serpentine
rhythm of dance,

And the quickening joy of a heart that is free, and the thrill of
the flauntings of Chance!

Hark to the ring of a tambourine, and the strum of a gay guitar,
And the laugh of a frivolous moon above, and a frolicking, foolish
ish star!

Tiré, tiré

The strum of a gay guitar—

Tiré, tiré

A frolicking, foolish star—

A tambourine—

A gay guitar—

A laughing moon—

A foolish star . . .

KATHLEEN A. FORD, '32.



Loria

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EDITORIALS

RELIGION



WE asked an editor, "What is the subject most warmly disputed?" He answered, "Religion." As hostess to a mixed group, what topic would you most carefully omit from the conversation? Religion, if you feared to show the glow of inmost human enthusiasm.

The majority of us spend our time talking and acting for worldly things, but all the time thinking of God. Is our belief a matter of shame with us, or our silence just another example of American reticence? We are too young for reticence. Be-

sides, we are Catholic college people, and from that fact, we feel justified in affirming that our religion is a fundamental matter. It means to us an acknowledgment of God's omnipotence, a belief in His love, and a real expression of our dependence on Him.

Let us give greater heed to those things which make our college Catholic. Let us visit the chapel frequently, attend the First Friday Mass in a body, take advantage of weekly Benediction and daily prayers. We call on every girl to give this program a month's sincere, whole-hearted coöperation. We promise in return the most genuine enjoyment. No guarantee could be safer. If you are honest, if you are human, you will acknowledge us right. You are. So act on your impulse, steal away from "the crowd" at the appointed hours, and you will find your return awaiting you. Give it a trial !

THE POINT SYSTEM COMMITTEE

A YEAR ago the Undergraduate Association organized the Point System Committee. The function of this group is to look into the matter of extra-curricular activities, with the purpose of getting every girl into some activity, and preventing an overzealous minority from being officers in everything.

This semester the Point System Committee has been working very hard to smooth out inconsistencies in the apportionment of points to the various offices. This has been far from an easy task, and the work is still subject to revision. The attempt has been to give points not on the basis of how much "honor" an office carries, but on the basis of the amount of work it entails. Evidently, this objective is very practical, and the only proper one. But the comparison of different offices is difficult, and there must of necessity be an amount of disagreement. There is also the very vexing question of whether additional points should be given to an officer of a society when she takes a leading part in the activities proper to that society.

We are entirely hopeful that all of these difficulties, which are inherent in the Committee's work, will eventually be

smoothed out. But there is absolutely no reason why the Committee should have any difficulty at all in the second part of its work—that of getting the student body to coöperate in the application of its requirements. Every girl must carry a minimum of three points, and no girl may carry more than ten points. There is no reason why the Committee should find itself forced to put into effect its penalties for non-fulfillment of these requirements—although it is prepared to do so.

There are many very good arguments on the question of why everyone should go in for some activity; among these arguments are those for a fuller educational background, loyalty to the college, and self-expression. Again, it is almost self-evident that there is a limit to the number of offices one girl can hold efficiently, or may hold without excluding others.

The entire line of effort of the Point System Committee is worthy not only of praise, for that is always pretty empty, but of coöperation, which is the only real way of showing our good spirit.

GOING FORWARD

THERE is not one of us who has not been forced to a realization of the change that has come over St. Joseph's this year. Some say that the old spirit of camaraderie has vanished. Others merely shrug away the ostensibly changing spirit with a reference to the different atmosphere of the new building. Still others are just "viewing with alarm."

But the explanation lies in this: That the new building has, in the very fulfilling of old needs, created new ones. The expansion of the College cannot remain a purely physical one. We must shake off what now seems like the inertia of the past. We must begin to develop a spirit of coöperation that will preserve a balance between our own growth and the remarkable growth of our college.

Already many steps have been taken. Characteristic of the movement is that latest innovation, the Press Club Bulletin. It followed in spirit the changes which have been effected in re-

forming the Assemblies, and inaugurating the Junior Sister movement. This Press Club Bulletin is certain to have a lasting and far-reaching value. It has the right objective. It was initiated with the purpose of bringing the girls into better touch with one another by keeping them informed of all school activities and plans. The Bulletin was immediately popular—thereby showing the need for just such a service.

Changes, more and more radical as time goes on, are bound to mark student activity in St. Joseph's. The development of the college henceforth depends on our participation in these new movements, on the energy which we can bring to these plans. Are we going to welcome changes as opportunities for development? Or are we just going to sit back and mournfully "view with alarm" these projects, this dawning spirit of an interest, which, looked at in the right light, promises to be broader than ever before?

A great deal depends on our answer.

SHORT STORY CONTEST

THE LORIA Board, in the hope of stimulating a bigger and better output of fiction for this magazine, announces a Short Story Contest. Everyone in the Undergraduate Association is eligible to compete, and any number of stories may be submitted by a competitor. The awards will be: First prize, ten dollars; second prize, five dollars; and honorable mention. All material must reach the LORIA office by January 20. The winning stories and other stories of merit will appear in the March issue. Further details of the contest, including the names of the judges, will be posted on the Bulletin Board.

Send in *your* story!



EXCHANGE

HATS off to *St. Benedict's Quarterly*!

Like the *Times*, with its "All the news that's fit to print," this magazine writes its aim plainly—"A literary magazine with news notes." And it is a good example of just that difficult combination. We have often heard it said that introducing news into a literary periodical detracts from its merit as a medium for student literature. But what, after all, is a college magazine for, if not to interpret that institution's ideals and ideas?

St. Benedict's Quarterly succeeds in a very happy way. It is neither top-heavy from being over-"literary," nor restricted in its appeal because of a surfeit of purely local news.

The periodical from Minnesota bears close scrutiny. Quality and quantity mingle in the book with surprising familiarity. We wonder if the editors of, say, the *Niagara Index*, which has been waging a long battle for extra-editorial material, gaze as fondly wistful at *St. Benedict's* galaxy of varied contribs as we do. Essay, short story, poetry, humor, are all represented—and well represented. We doubt if the material of the rest of our exchanges could surpass the contents of this quarterly for originality, sustained interest and general merit. Yet, it is newsy, up to the minute and remarkably fresh for a paper which comes out only four times a year.

We especially recommend:

1. The department called "Sketches."
2. The "Who's Who" column, introducing the contributors.
3. The propaganda for the wider reading of books written by Catholic writers.

What we don't like:

1. The column arrangement. We would suggest a smaller sized book with one broad column, rather than two narrow columns, across the page.
2. The self-satisfaction that spreads itself all over the Exchange column.

Our contemporary collegians are always of interest to us. What they have to say speaks as eloquently to us as an actual argument with them, be it in impertinent, humorous, grave, or provocative vein. We want to offer a few excerpts from some of the exchanges:

"Our years at college are the most opportune for us to develop our ideas of various kinds—the time when Freshmen form many of theirs for the first time, and when upper classmen strive toward the ultimate realization of theirs."—Editorial, *St. Mary's Chimes*.

And this—from the editorial of the *St. John's Torch*:

"A Mr. Floyd Carlyle recently contributed \$20,000 to St. Lawrence University, and in the letter accompanying his donation, he explained a previous interview in which he proclaimed that a college education was merely a four year handicap for youths entering business."

* * *

"Why does your advertising manager (if you have one), insist on filling this [editorial] page with funeral and grocery ads?"—*Index Finger*, Niagara University.

* * *

W. L. G. in the *Holy Cross Purple* laments the hirsute propensities of the male of the species in an essay "On Shaving," which ends sadly enough: "... the teeth, tonsils and appendix, unlike the beard, can be eternally removed in one operation."

* * *

Perhaps this ought to explain (or at least excuse) undergraduate conduct:

"College students being the carefree, irresponsible lads they are, it is natural that most of them rarely think seriously or at any length about their Alumni."—Editorial, *Holy Cross Purple*.

* * *

From up Fordham way comes some needed advice on library ethics. We are inclined to question the serious attitude of Mr. Calahan when he says:

"No gentleman, of course, ever pays his fines. This is an absurd and vicious practice."

"Indices are most fascinating things and many droll little games may be played, such as turning out all the cards and proceeding as in *solitaire*."

We haven't tried this out yet, but will report results, if able.

* * *

"For sale, Tuxedo, size 37. Excellent condition."—Advertisement, *Creightonian*.

* * *

The poem of the Month Club offers:

"OCTOBER"

"Among the purple hills, adown the lane
October winds her plenteous way tonight;
No gypsy maid is she, aflame with wine—
But some sweet saint in prayer at Mary's shrine,
Who makes for love of her, a hymn of praise
Upon the organ of the autumn days;
Who pauses at her altar stone to light
The goldenrod to flame, and with the night
Retreats behind the sunset's cloister bars
To tell her rosary to the frosty stars."

ELEANOR FITZPATRICK in *St. Mary's Chimes*.



AS WE LIKE IT

NONSENSE AND STUFF

EVERY well-run column has a platform or crusade of some sort. For instance, F. P. A. campaigns against invisible house numbers and day-sweeping. Rian James of the *Eagle* is "against everything that is against anything."

And so we hasten to join the Column Conductors Union, Local No. 2, by forthwith exhibiting our slogan, epitomizing our platform: "Bigger and Better Marks." The advantages of such a platform are fairly obvious; nevertheless, we will list a few. (Obvious or not, we have to fill space!)

First of all, let us view this with special regard to the professor. Picture the edification and joy of a professor whose classes all make at least a B! Think what a big difference and, we modestly suggest, improvement, there would be in a college whose faculty is composed entirely of contented professors. It's a stupendous thought!

Then as a natural consequence of the professorial contentment, think of the joy that would be brought into the drab lives of thousands of students, many of whom have never ascended from the depths of the "C's" in their lives. Even Pollyanna herself could not bring about a happier situation.

This question, like every other, has its economic phase. We hear that the red inkwells of the world are rapidly drying up, and that the supply is vanishing from the earth. Surely *we* can do our little bit, by eliminating those obnoxious red ink marks, D and F, and substituting for them the C's, B's and A's of a reformed marking system.

Of course, they could put D's and F's in purple, which is the color of mourning anyhow. Still, as the suicide remarked when he passed the twentieth, "That's another story." And that's ours, and we're stuck with it!

* * *

By the way, wonder what became of the bronze Dante that used to lord it on the English Room desk? We had planned on

sometime getting him a bronze Beatrice to keep him company. Now their love will just have to keep on being futile.

* * *

Have you heard that the Glee Club has acquired three harps? Yes, their new officers, Reilly, Mulligan and Kelly.

* * *

Live and learn; here's how the Greeks mixed theirs; ten parts of water to five parts of wine.

Evidently the orgy was one Roman idea that was purely original, and not borrowed from the Greeks!

* * *

All this publicity concerning women's objections to the new styles seems to us just so much blah, Fannie Hurst and the Y. W. C. A. (who ever thought they'd get together) to the contrary.

Long dresses and the natural waistline are much more universally becoming than the straight-line, chopped-off-at-the-knee (and what knees!) fashions of the last ten years. There are few women who do not look graceful in the new styles.

In the comparatively limited observations we have been able to make on the subject, the reaction is entirely favorable. To members of our own generation, brought up on the post-war styles, the new lines come as a pleasing change, entirely in harmony with the little "bun" at the back of the neck. It is the pre-war generation, and that which just followed it, first odiously labeled "younger," which insist upon holding on to youth by the specious devices of chopped hair and the abbreviated skirt.

And as for the objections raised by some, that the new lines require what is known as a "figger"—well, that's all right with us!

Only formal clothes have been really affected by latest fashion dictates. Sport clothes have merely added an inch or two, and a flare here and there, to the straight little frocks of the past. Practicality will always be the essence of smartness in sports attire.

We read the other day that over in Long Island U. they have established a Society for the Relief of the Boyfriendless. The theory is that those who have a surplus, and those faced by a deficit, in the matter of boy friends, will get together, and seek to arrange a more equable distribution of things.

We prophesy a large membership, composed exclusively of those with a surplus.

And we'd like to hear just what the boy friends in question have to say about the plan!

* * *

RHYMED BOOK REVIEW

After six readings, we still go ga-ga
Over Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga."

And we'd do one for "A Modern Comedy," if we could think up a rhyme for comedy.

* * *

The above is about all we can offer in the line of the literary this month. We have had neither the time nor the money to do much reading, what with mid-terms to be studied for, and Prom and Year Book money to be paid up. Our reading has been confined chiefly to Ross, Rickaby, Cronin, et al., and our comments written in blue-books. Comment on the comment is reserved!

* * *

It seems to be almost as hard to chisel literary contributions from people as it is monetary ones. We can understand and sympathize with reluctance to part with money—"it's an old Spanish custom"—but why be Scotch about ideas? We're granting that you have them, even if only intermittently. Then why not express them? An idea has no value till it's put into circulation, and, unless you're having contributions accepted by *Scribner's* or the *Atlantic Monthly* we know of no better medium of circulation than your own magazine. We asked one girl for a contribution, and she said, "Oh, I'm no good!" We don't care about that. Tell that to your confessor! All we want is material to work on, and we'll seek to aspire to your level, or try to

drag you up to ours. Remember—Freud will get you if you repress yourself—so come on—Express Yo'self!

M. N. C., '30.

SENIOR STUFF

"PROOFS!"

"Let me see them, Kay?"

"Ooh cute, they're *really* good!"

"That profile's adorable—but your hair! Get it cut, Kay, and have a resitting."

"The coy one is different, but you're not the languishing type."

"In this one you even seem to aspire—"

"Look at the smirk—aren't they a mess?"

"Oh, I don't know; Kay looks like that when she smiles."

"I like the serious one best,—more character, more soul—"

"Look at the filling in that front tooth!"

"Well, I simply couldn't smile with my mouth closed. Better to be natural. What I object to is the wrinkle in my neck."

"Oh, have that retouched—I'm going to have them take out my freckles that way."

"They turn out *awful* work, don't they?"

"What do you expect?"

"Which are you having finished, Kay?"

"Oh, I'm going to have another sitting and then choose from the twelve proofs."

"What did your family think of them?"

"They just laughed."

MAY MEANY, '30

AS WE DON'T LIKE IT

I AM ordinarily very mild and peaceably inclined toward all, various loud cries of protest to the contrary notwithstanding. But the last issue of *LORIA* aroused my ire. It was funny too, because I began it in a very pleasant frame of mind, but how I ended it is nobody's business!

The new crest on the cover was very nice. I got through the rest of the book without any serious mishap—and then came the College Calendar. I happened to think that I had a personal interest in a certain activity. Oh, will I ever recover from the shock I sustained that day! I scanned each article eagerly. Nothing, nothing, about my pet activity. Then in the last paragraph I saw a heading “Club.” Something I had missed? A new activity? I read further, craving information. Oh, the humiliation of it! A three-line write-up of the *Glee* Club, under that anonymous title “Club”! Every other activity listed under its proper heading except the *Glee* Club!

Of course I suspected at once that jealousy of the best club in the school had played a part in this omission. But searching inquiry among the members of the staff gave me the answer. The omission of “Glee” was merely the *only* typographical error in the whole book!

Of course, printer's errors do happen, but all I ask is that if they are going to occur again, please steer them away from the Glee Club. I don't like it. MARGARET REILLY, '30.

LIFE—AS IT APPEARS TO A FRESHMAN

(Apologies to Rian James)

DURING THE FIRST WEEKS

LIFE is a nightmare of upper classmen . . . of lordly, aloof Seniors, friendly but nevertheless strange Juniors, and dreaded Sophomores. . . . Life is hoping you'll be singled out at hazing because it makes you seem important . . . and hoping you won't because you're sure to get “stage fright.” . . . Life is forgetting where the lecture rooms are . . . and being afraid to ask . . . Life is something you can't mention because of your promise not to swear.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TERM

Life is finding the Seniors not so aloof . . . the Juniors less strange . . . and the Sophomores almost human. . . . Life is

being able to laugh over hazing and discover that it didn't embitter your soul after all. . . . Life is being quite cocky and impudent to the upper classmen . . . and getting away with it. . . . Life is feeling you *belong* . . . even though you do fit into only a "lowly niche."

MARY DOLAN, '33.

A TALE WITH A MORAL

JIMMY JONES was tearing his hair—really rather nice hair, too—brown, not *too* wavy, and not at all the kind of hair to be torn. You see he was going to a party, a very *important* party, and he wanted to do everything just right. No reason for tearing his hair, you say? Well, wait till you hear the rest of the story.

If Jimmy had only been born fifty years ago, he could have bought "One Hundred Rules of Conduct for a Gentleman," and everything would have been all right. But sad to say, Jimmy had not been born the half of fifty years ago—all of which could easily become a nice problem—but don't worry, we don't intend to let it.

But even "One Hundred Rules of Conduct for a Gentleman" wouldn't have done Jimmy any good right now. Things have become much too complicated, and gentlemen much too scarce! So, lacking any such compendium of what to do and say (even though he was a gentleman), Jimmy was obliged to fall back on the magazines. But here he found no such definite instructions as his grandfather had in "O. H. R. O. C. F. A. G."

For instance:

He knew you should say it with flowers—but what kind? Finally, using his native common sense (and plenty of his bank-roll) he sent orchids.

But what kind of car to use? He asked the man who owned one, and the answer was, "When better cars are built, Buick will build them." So he finally decided on a Yellow Cab!

The matter of toothpaste presented another problem. Of course he knew about Iodent Number One—for teeth easy to whiten; and Iodent Number Two—for teeth hard to whiten. But he had never been able to decide in which class he, or rather his teeth, belonged. Then there was the danger line to be thought of, and that mystical four out of five. He finally decided on Colgate's, because it cleans teeth whiter.

He had no fears about being stumped for conversation. He belonged to the Book-of-the-Century Club, and read assiduously every one of its weekly recommendations. He was master of the Ten-Foot Shelf, having read through Eliot's Five Feet twice. He knew Listerine and Lifebuoy would save him from being a wallflower. And if the party lagged, he could always get a laugh by seating himself at the piano. He had made sure the liquid refreshment would be good to the last drop.

But still he tore his hair. One last great problem baffled him.

He was willing to walk a mile for a Camel, but he was afraid that a mile walk might not make for nonchalance. So he was about to decide on Murads—but what was the use of being nonchalant, if you weren't satisfied? So he switched to Chesterfields. But if he should ever burst out coughing—fear of that possibility won him over to Old Golds. Then he happened to remember that no girl likes a "Scotchman," so he decided on Marlboroughs—a cigarette for those who can afford twenty cents for the best.

He had about made up his mind to smoke Marlboroughs when the party landed at a night club. Jimmy was all prepared to pull his "Oeufs et jambon" on the garçon when—well, you see, the slogan of the club happened to be, "We beat as we sweep as we clean." And that was the end of Jimmy Jones.

And the moral—don't read all the news that's fit to print!

MARIAN BALTES, '31.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

"PARDON me, *can* you wait on me? What can you show me in dog mattresses?"

"Andy, do we have dog mattresses? The lady wants a large one. (Ah, so *this* is a dog mattress)—Why, yes, Madam, that is the largest size we carry.—Not large enough?—Well, Andy, are you sure this is the largest?"

"Absolutely. They don't come any larger. Pardon me, Madam, what kind of dog *have* you?—A police dog! Gosh, I should think he'd be big enough to sleep on the floor. I'm sorry Madam, the only thing I can suggest is that you try the regular mattress department—perhaps a crib mattress would do!"

Exit Madam and a very red husband.

* * *

"Shure, now, 'ave ye got anything in the way av a Christmas present fer a dog? 'Ave ye got a little dog's plaything?—That's all ye've got, eh? Now, don't smile, young lady, if ye had *my* landlady ye'd get a Christmas present fer her dog, too! But, in hivven's name—these hard times—I'll pay no wan dollar fer a dog's Christmas present!"

* * *

Why men leave home.

Men's Socks 29c Special.

"Are these purple ones 11½, Miss?"

"No, Madam, those are 10½."

"Well, that's all right. I'll take those."

LAURA A. FOURNIER, '33.

SNAPSHOTS OF A FRESHMAN WRITING FOR LORIA

(Apologies to Gluyas Williams)

Buys pencils, pencil sharpener, typewriter and quality paper.

Assumes attitude of "The Thinker." Decides to write on
"Why I Like College."

Writes assiduously. Much crossing-out and re-writing.
Acquires two extra wrinkles in brow, but finishes creation.
Carefully types it, taking minutes per word.
Numbers the sheets in best flourishing penmanship.
Rolls and ties sheets with dainty bow of baby blue ribbon.
Slowly unties bow and re-reads masterpiece.
Deliberately tears it up, saving the LORIA Editor a lot of trouble.
Wishes she had bought red ribbon instead of blue. She could have used it for Christmas. MARGARETTA DORNEY, '33.

TO A RELUCTANT PAN

PAN, Pan, out with your singing!
Carry it out to the wind, high above.
Why must you keep a dull cavern a-ringing
When all the bright world is a-pining for love?
Pan, Pan, out with your magic,
Treasured for ages! Oh, let it go free.
And yet, Silent Satyr, 'twould surely be tragic
If not, in the end, I returned some to thee!

KATHLEEN A. FORD, '32.



COLLEGE CALENDAR

FACULTY ADDRESSES

During the early part of the term, the student body was privileged on three different occasions to hear addresses by Sister Members of the Faculty. Sister M. Carmela introduced this new custom to our Assembly with a short but very inspiring talk on her own ideals for St. Joseph's. Sister M. Lorenzo spoke the following week. Her theme was the opportunities of the Catholic college girl for leadership. Sister M. Manuela's address was third in this series. Sister spoke of education in its function of forming a sense of values in the individual.

The pleasure with which the student body received these talks was evidenced by the enthusiastic reception tendered to each speaker. Everyone has expressed the hope that other members of the Faculty will give us an opportunity to hear them in our Assemblies.

SENIOR TEA

On the twenty-fourth of October, the Seniors gave a tea in honor of their class adviser. Several members of the class entertained with music, and tea was served afterward in the lunch room. Helen Williams was Chairman of the committee.

SENIOR-FRESHMAN PARTY

The Seniors entertained the Freshmen on Thursday evening, October 31. Halloween colors lent themselves to an attractive decorative scheme. Even the spaghetti was in harmony. The supper was served after the members had been introduced to one another by their class presidents. A short comedy was presented by the Seniors after supper, and dancing concluded the entertainment. Clare Stanton and her committee provided both a delicious supper and an enjoyable atmosphere, not to speak of their eager activity in furthering friendly relations between the Seniors and the Freshmen.

LANGUAGE SYMPOSIUM For the first time in their history, the language societies of St. Joseph's held a Symposium. It took place on Monday, November 4. The French, German and Spanish Clubs invited the student body to attend the affair. Each organization presented the national anthem and folk-songs, and papers were read by Mary Marino, Theresa Schreiber, and Marion Wilmott, representing the French, German and Spanish groups, respectively. The symposium was a great success in every way, and much credit is due to the Cercle Molière and its President, Jeannette Hannan, who sponsored the event.

U. A. RECEPTION At the annual Undergraduate Reception to the entering class, held on Thursday, November 7, '33 was formally welcomed to the College. There was an entertainment, after which tea was served. Later there was dancing in the gymnasium.

CAP AND GOWN CEREMONY The Freshmen were formally invested in their caps and gowns at General Assembly on Friday, November 8. The ceremony held a new note of formality and solemnity. The Freshmen entered wearing their academic gowns and carrying lighted candles. After Benediction the caps were blessed by Dr. Dillon, and presented to the Class of '33 by Marguerite Doyle, President of the Undergraduate Association. Present on the stage were the Sister members of the Faculty and the Student Council. The members of the Council received tassels in the College colors. An address by Dr. Dillon followed, and the ceremony was concluded with the singing of the College song.

PARENTS' DAY This year, Parents' Day was substituted for Mothers' and Daughters' Day. The new arrangement gave our fathers and mothers the opportunity to see why we so admire our new building. The entertainment began at four o'clock on Sunday, November 24. Marguerite Doyle, President of the Undergraduate Association, welcomed our guests. Alice Mallon

White offered a charming vocal program, and "Counsel Retained," by Constance d'Arcy Mackaye, was presented, with Kathleen Mulrooney, Helen Bennett and Mary Cronin in the cast. The Glee Club and the Serenaders also offered several musical selections. Dr. Dillon welcomed our parents in the name of the College. Later, a regular "Sunday night supper" was served in the new gymnasium. The Seniors were ushers. Agnes Coughlan, Chairman of the Parents' Day Committee, is to be congratulated for her fine work.

**CERCLE
MOLIERE**

On December 9, Madame Thérèse Dupont lectured before the Cercle Molière on "Touristes et Parisiens." Madame Dupont's talk was extremely enjoyable, and her charm of manner added even more to the pleasure of her listeners.

This very active and interesting club now numbers among its regular features a "French Luncheon" on Fridays, at which all the members gather and use French exclusively in conversation.

The President of the Cercle Molière, Jeannette Hannan, announces that the club's dramatic presentation of this year will be "Le Malade Imaginaire," of Molière. This news should be of immense interest to everybody, for none of us will soon forget those memorable productions, "Les Femmes Savantes" and "Le Monde Où L'On S'Ennuie." The presentation of "Le Malade Imaginaire" will take place some time in March.

**SENIOR
DANCE**

Altogether, the Senior "Promenade" was an innovation. It was a dinner-dance held at the Plaza on December 26, a closed affair for members of '30 only. About fifty couples were present. There was no real "promenade," and the formality was purely theoretical. Marion Toshack was Chairman of the committee, which also included Genevieve Archipoli, Agnes Coughlan, Josephine Coddington, Isabelle Donahue, Zita Hawkins, Catherine McNeely, Veronica McNally, Ethel Madden, and Helen Williams.

THE VARSITY Miss Anne Reardon, basket-ball coach, has picked the team to represent S. J. C. for the 1929-30 season. The new Varsity has a personnel that gives promise of not only moral victory, but the other variety too.

The members of the team are: Marion Myers, Captain; Margaret Cosgrove, Laura Brennan, Catherine Coughlan, Marie Furey, Frances Dieckert, Mardell Harrington, Marie Eichmann, Anne Lynch, Marie Clarke, Amy Fraas, Grace Riley.

GLEE CLUB The Glee Club announces a bigger and better operetta than ever, to be produced shortly before the close of the winter semester. It is claimed that this play will glorify the Gibson Girl.

THE SERENADERS The Serenaders have adopted a new policy. To put it into effect, they have bought new music, of a lighter type. The officers, Helen Bradley, Eileen Cox, Beatrice Greenbaum and Mary Murtha, are working hard to make the new policy successful, and the orchestra more popular than ever.

ABACUS CLUB The Abacus meetings continue to hold their charm for the mathematically minded with discussions and papers on various aspects of mathematics. Mathematical jokes, conundrums, and such tidbits are an integral part of the programs.

PRESS COMMITTEE The Press Committee has put into operation a novel idea. The members have acquired a bulletin board, and for the past two months have been posting current news items of interest to the student body.

LITERARY SOCIETY The constitution of the Literary Society was amended at the General Assembly of October 25. Formerly, a written paper was required of those who wished to qualify for membership. The amendment modified this, and in practice nullifies the original ruling. The Society has now broadened its

scope to include not only reading and discussion of the present-day literary output, but also debating, play-going and allied activities.

**STELLA
MARIS**

Mission Day will occur earlier this year than it has in former years, in the interest of efficiency. May, as the last month of school, was thought a too strained season to claim the attention due so big an event. The exact date will be announced later by the Chairman.

**MERCIER
CIRCLE**

The Mercier Circle has been continuing its extremely interesting meetings, on the second and fourth Fridays of each month. The President, Catharine Fournier, announces that the Membership Committee, which includes Cecilia Trunz, Chairman; Estelle Stawiarski and Dr. Dillon, has formulated the new requirements for admission to the club. They are: a general average of B plus and a B in Philosophy or Ethics.

Julia Gubitosi is now Chairman of the Program Committee, following the resignation of Theresa Schreiber from that office.

**THE
CHAPEL**

The new Chapel is now open all day. The students are welcome to visit it at any time.



ALUMNAE NOTES

FIRST GENERAL MEETING

The first general meeting of the Alumnae Association was held on October 21. The President, Miss Florence Newman, called the meeting to order. Two girls were elected to the Executive Board: Marjorie Murphy, '29, as representative from the incoming class, and Dorothy Willmann, '23, as Honorary Member, in recognition of her exemplary work for the Alumnae.

The following Committee Chairmen were appointed:

Anne Schrage, '27, Dramatics.

Eileen Jane McLoughlin, '28, Basketball.

Ruth McCormick, '21, Sewing.

Theresa Hoffman, '29, Missions; the Chairman of Missions automatically becomes the Chairman of Mission Day.

Eileen McLoughlin, '27, Annual Card Party.

The tentative program for the year includes a card party on January 18, one Alumnae play, a retreat during Lent, the continuation of Spiritual Evenings, a Mass and Communion Breakfast on Palm Sunday.

OFFICERS The following are the officers who are directing Alumnae activities this year:

President, Florence Newman, '21.

Vice-President, Agnes Corry, '25.

Financial Secretary, Margaret Normile, '27.

Secretary, Constance Doyle, '20.

Treasurer, Marie O'Shea, '28.

SOCIAL NOTES

Rosalind Molesphini is engaged to Dr. Roger Schenone. Their wedding will take place after the Christmas holidays.

Helen Weiden is engaged to William McCarthy.

Mary St. John is engaged to Gilbert Parker Murphy.

The Class of '28 held a small but successful bridge at the college, the proceeds of which went toward the furnishing of the Alumnae Room.

FINAL VOWS Sister St. Francis of Assisi (Eva Flynn) pronounced her final vows at the House of the Good Shepherd in Peekskill, and is now stationed in Brooklyn.

GRADUATE WORK Anna Dunnigan, Ethel Smith and Elinor Surpless, all of '29, Marie Kelly, '28, and Mary Kemp, '27, are studying at Fordham. Margaret Conway, Marie Keegan, Helen McCaffrey, and Allene Frisse, all of '29, are studying at Columbia for their M.A. degrees. Margaret Keenan and Grace Byrne received the degree of Bachelor of Laws at St. John's last June. Margaret Keenan has since married. Grace Byrne, in recognition of her excellent standing, was awarded a Fellowship at the commencement exercises. She is now studying for her J.D. at St. John's.

PROFESSIONAL NOTES Gertrude Jones is taking a business course. Miriam Walters is taking a secretarial course at Ellsworth.

BIRTHS Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hines (Kay Hannon) have announced the birth of a son, Arthur, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Doyle (Marion McKenna) have announced the birth of a son, Palmer, Jr.

In Memoriam

LORIA extends deep and sincere sympathy to Caroline Corcoran on the death of her mother; to Katherine and Mary Lynch on the death of their father; to Eileen Maguire on the death of her sister.

TAMS

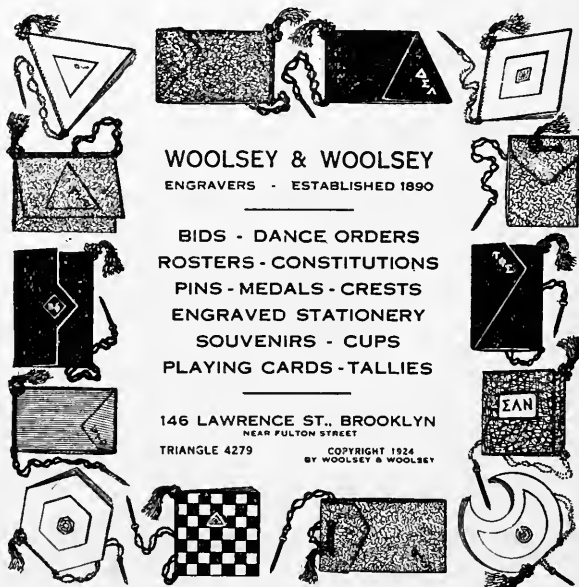
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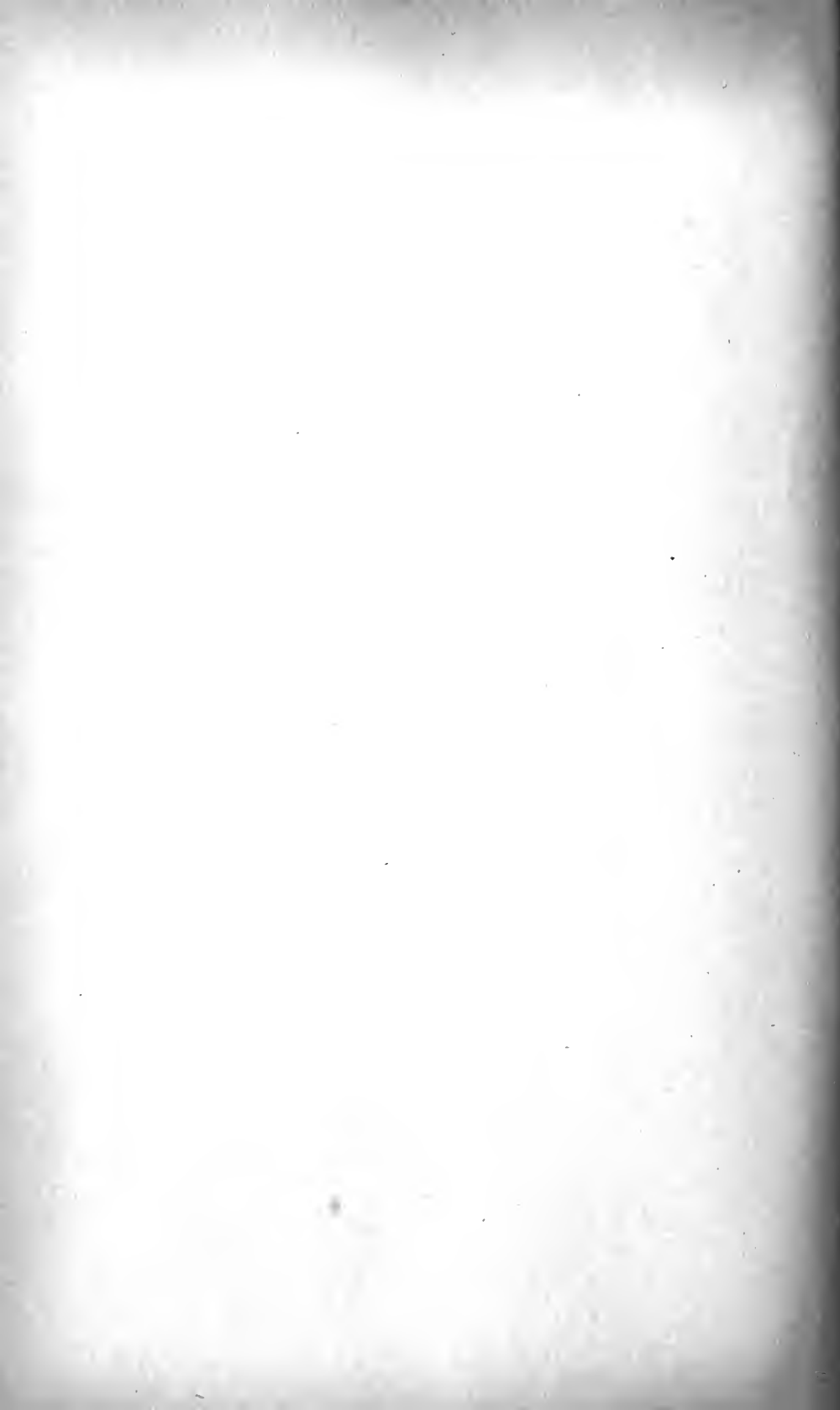
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LORIA



April, 1930



Loria

St. Joseph's College for Women
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Loria

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A PAGE IN THE LIFE OF MR. ALLINGTON

BY ADELE McCABE,

Winner of First Prize in LORIA'S Short Story Contest



USSES careened up and down the Avenue, like big green bugs. The light in the traffic tower glowed a malevolent red and the crowd at Forty-second Street fought its way across to Forty-third. The early March wind swooped down like a bird of prey, and tugged at Allington's hat, which he pulled on more securely.

A great day—a day of sun-drenched splendor. There were violets in all the florists' windows, and on the corner, the inevitable hand-organ was grinding out some tune—what was it? Oh, yes, "In the spring, a young man's fancy, da, dada, da—" Allington fished in his pocket, and threw a coin into the obsequiously proffered, tattered old cap.

A little farther on, he paused before the window of a bookseller. Sure enough, off the press at last. They made a good job of that, all right—Bodoni type, india paper, and the blurb on the jacket was a masterpiece in itself. Wonder if it runs into a fifth?

He looked around. There were two young girls standing near him. The one who somehow reminded him of the organ-grinder's monkey, perhaps because of her jaunty, fur-trimmed suit and her tight little red toque, had her nose pressed against the window. The other was peering down over her shoulder. Guess they're looking at the autograph. Wonder what they'd say if they knew who's right beside them? He straightened his cravat in the dim reflection of the plate-glass window, and strolled on.

At the corner, he halted again. Why, there's old J. J. himself, coming right toward him, with a big cigar tucked in the corner of his thin lips. Bet that book put a pretty penny in his pocket—paid for the cigar, and a town car, besides. He hailed him jovially, chatted a few minutes, and then went on. A great day, all right!

He turned into a quiet street in the Sixties and went down two steps into the remodeled entrance of a brownstone house—one of those bachelor establishments, tenanted by gentlemen of the various professions, and which bore several discreet shingles to the effect that So-and-So, M.D., lived within. Allington entered, went through the tiled vestibule, and slipped his key in the door at his immediate right.

He stepped within. The great living room was flooded with the golden light of mid-afternoon—light that streamed in through the casement windows, glinted on the dark, highly polished floor, and touched, as though with a brush dipped in fire, the portrait of himself, done in oils, hanging over the massive grand piano in the farthest corner of the room.

He went over to the writing table. The afternoon quota of mail had already arrived. He opened the letters, pigeonholing some in the desk, discarding others in the basket. Bills, invitations; announcements of births, deaths, funerals; more bills—you didn't have to open them at all, to know what was inside—wait a minute, who's this from?

He took the white envelope over to the window. The writing was familiar—like the face of someone, known long ago, and whose name has been long forgotten. He opened it, carefully, neatly, without any undue haste.

It was a dinner invitation, from Brenda, for the following evening. Dinner with Brenda!

Dinner with Brenda! A host of reawakened memories swept over him with a suddenness, with a pang, almost, which startled and disturbed him strangely. Why, it must be ten years since he had seen her last. Ten years! What was that she had said, the day he had come up on her porch—the day before he sailed

for Europe, on the prize money won for him by his first novel. He was all youthful impetuosity; he'd stay home with her, instead; he'd take the money, buy her father's paper, and they'd both make a go of it. What was it she had said? Something about ten years. Something like, "Not now—perhaps ten years from now—"

Why, heavens, anyone could have seen through that! But no, not he—went off to Europe in a huff, young fool! And there she had been all this time, still caring, not forgetting—

Well, neither had he forgotten, for that matter. True, she wasn't always in his thoughts, and his heart hadn't broken then, as he half-feared, and half-hoped it would. You get over that sort of thing, in time; youth, the great tonic, cures all ills.

Ten years!

* * * *

Maru held his coat silently. Allington had an uncomfortable feeling in his throat.

"Maru, what size is this collar?"

"Fifteen."

He bent over, and gazed long in the mirror. There *was* a slight bulge, under his chin. No doubt that Jap lied—why, he had worn that size for the last ten years, without ever having that pouchy feeling before. Have to be more careful about his diet, though. Otherwise, he looked pretty much the same. Slight touch of gray, at the temples—hope she doesn't notice it—well, what if she does? It adds a certain distinction.

He put on his hat at an unusually jaunty angle, picked up his ivory-topped cane, and with a parting injunction to Maru not to forget about the muffins for his breakfast, departed.

Outside, he boarded a taxi which started north, turned into the Drive, and sped noiselessly up along the river embankment. The cab was redolent of the stale odors of cigarettes and cheap perfume. He tapped his foot impatiently, and pulled out his thin octagon-shaped watch. Probably be late, if that fellow doesn't hurry. Two minutes to seven now, the dinner at seven—and the traffic-lights against them.

Well, perhaps it would be better to come in a few minutes late, not as if he were too impatient to see her again—and besides, it looked better—

The cab drew up before the massive apartment hotel, where Brenda was staying. He handed the driver a bill, tipped him, and pocketed the change carefully. He went upstairs in the gilded elevator, which rose slowly like a giant golden bird, stopping in mid-air to discharge a passenger, and proceeding aloft to the highest aerie perch, which was Brenda's apartment.

There a negro maid opened the door, and admitted him into the dimly-lighted foyer. From within, he could hear the soft murmur of many voices. As he entered, Brenda rose, with outstretched hand and that unforgettable smile, to greet him. He took her hand, in a constrained fashion. He felt those ten years lie heavily in that clasp. But he could see no trace of any like feeling in her welcome—it seemed only the well-mannered and impersonal greeting of the perfect hostess. Perhaps he was wrong, after all.

After the customary pleasantries he was introduced to some of the guests—others he knew already. Old J. J. was there too, which surprised him at first. How did she know the old codger? Through her father? Well, the world's small.

Later, over the dinner-table, he appraised her in the cold light of those ten years. She had on a clinging gown of some soft blue material which brought out the coppery glints in her hair. Still very much the same, only that her eyes, when she wasn't smiling, seemed to have lost a little of their old fire, and the shadows lay more pronounced on them. She had a vague look of—no, not sadness exactly, but something very much like the disappointment of a child who discovers, sooner or later—but inevitably—that the beloved creatures of his favorite story never had, and never could have, a real existence.

An hour or so later, he was saying good-night; he was asking her to tea with him the next week—she had accepted.

Then he was home again, once more, thinking over the conversation of the evening with a certain excitement. Not by a

word, not by a look, had she revealed anything—and yet, in all that was left unsaid, in the silence that settled down now and then, after some casual remark they had exchanged, he knew that she still remembered.

He hadn't had an opportunity to tell her, then, of all that he had accomplished since that first novel—of the books that ran into many printings, of his fat checks, and his being mentioned for the Pulitzer Prize. But she probably knew much of that already, and the rest could wait.

* * * *

Allington walked back and forth in the lobby of the hotel in which they had agreed to meet in company with a countless number of other white-spatted gentlemen, who consulted their watches impatiently every other second, and cast long-suffering glances at the revolving doors.

She might at least be on time. He had broken an important engagement to be there, and now— Ah, there she is! She was coming toward him, her high-heeled shoes tapping the marble pavement rhythmically. He remembered that she had always moved with a peculiar and individual grace, like something not fettered, untamed.

In a vast, high-ceilinged room, where couples sat long at tea over tables shaded by many-colored lamps, they found a secluded place, over-looking the street. Allington ordered.

As the tea was poured, silence fell on them both, as though by tacit consent. It was a comfortable silence—the silence of old friends. Another woman would have broken it by some crude remark—but Brenda was different from other women. She understood him as no one else did. Yes, that was it—Brenda was different.

At last he said:

“What have you been doing with yourself all these years? I wanted to talk with you alone, the other night, but of course, that was impossible.”

She traced a pattern on the table-cloth with the tip of her finger.

"Oh, I've been around a great deal since—. I've been in Europe much of the time, visiting, gathering material."

"Material for what?"

"That's right—you didn't know—J. J., one of my father's old friends, bought the 'Courier,' syndicated it with his other papers. Now I'm writing feature articles for them."

Of course, she had always been something of a scribbler, sending in lean sheaves of verse, or interminable and ponderous stories, which never saw the light of day in any publisher's office. He wouldn't discourage her now, or hint that this revived interest in the writing game was anything other than a mere flash in the pan.

"And of course—you are planning to do other things with your pen?" He hoped she didn't notice the faint trace of amusement that lay under his polite tone.

"Why, yes—" (this slowly, as though she hadn't intended telling him. But he knew the answer, even before she said it.) "Yes, I am thinking of having something I wrote on the other side brought out this spring. J. J. said he'd finance it—he's read it already, and seems to like it. It'll be ready in a few weeks."

That was a little more than he had expected. Well, if J. J. didn't mind standing a loss of a few thousands, he didn't either. But J. J. ought to know better. Besides it'd be tough on her—if her book was as bad as he expected it to be—to read the panning that the fellows on the *Star* and the *Herald*, especially, would be sure to give her. Women are more sensitive about those things. They put too much stock on what the Browning Club and the Women's Shakespeare Guild say about their work.

But anyhow, he'd have to read it before it came out—perhaps he could suggest an alteration here and there; brush it up, and—if it were really needed—rewrite it. It could be done—let the press wait while the altered parts were substituted.

"Would you mind letting me read it—before everyone else does? Perhaps—if there's anything that I could help you with—" It was rather a difficult thing to say. She might be offended at the suggestion.

"Of course, I'll give you the manuscript the next time I see you."

The orchestra, from some remote, palm-hidden recess, was playing a popular air. They rose and danced, and Allington felt something as indefinable as the first signs of spring revive in him—something that he had thought dead these many years.

* * *

Allington glanced up from his desk at the calendar. "The Lodestone" would have to be finished by the fifth, and it was now March 27. One more chapter, and it was completed. Pretty good, even if he did say so himself. A quiet, ironical tale of the worthless son of a moneyed family. None of the blatant sophistication of his other novels. Brenda would like it.

He dropped his pen suddenly, as he remembered—he had forgotten all about her own book, and it was probably off the press by now. What would she think! Well, he must mention it that afternoon.

But that afternoon, as he dropped in for a little chat, there was something unusual about the place—an unwonted activity. The maid went back and forth with folded garments over her arm.

Then, as though it didn't mean anything at all to him, as though he were something not to be considered in her scheme of things, she told him that she was going to Rome for the mid-Lenten carnival. She was going to stay at the home of an old school chum, a Marchese, who live in an enormous villa outside of the golden city. She was going to sail in two weeks.

Two weeks! A sudden chasm seemed to have opened before Allington's very feet, as though she were already there, and he a thousand miles removed from her. With a painful clarity of outline, he could see her there, in the great hall of her friend's house—a dark, moustached prince bending low over her hand, in the royal manner.

"And you—you won't be here for the summer, either?"

"No, I'm afraid not—not until next fall; I'm going to start work on a new book."

"You know, I haven't read your manuscript yet; have you got it here, now?"

"I've got a carbon copy—the other is at the printer's. There's some delay or other—a strike, I think, which has halted all the electroplating being done down there. The rest of the plant, though, is quite normal. But the electroplating is the part that's holding the book up. It won't be done for about two weeks more—about the time I sail. Otherwise, I would rather have you wait until it came out. But I'll give it to you now, since I promised I would."

She opened a drawer in a little writing table, and gave him the neatly typed, cloth-bound manuscript. He flapped over a page or two. He couldn't read it there, of course. She would be watching—waiting. No, he'd better take it home. With a promise to call her up in a day or so, he left.

He walked out of the lobby and down the Drive. The air was mild. On the benches, behind the gray stone parapet, facing the river, sat foreign-looking governesses in trim uniforms, beside perambulators. The trees were incredibly vivid with that joyous pastel green that later fades into the subdued shades of maturity—of summer.

She couldn't, she mustn't, go away, in the midst of all this loveliness, leaving him alone—more alone than he had ever been before. Who knows what might happen before he saw her again—a whole six months! His steps quickened, as he recalled something that had caught his eye that day in a jewelry shop along the Avenue. Still time—only four-thirty. But he'd better hurry—the closing hour was five.

* * *

His apartment seemed unusually bare and empty-looking. He observed with annoyance that there was a thin layer of dust over the top of the piano—the waste-basket probably hadn't been emptied, either. Maru would hear about this in the morning. He would tell him firmly that his negligence had been observed, and mustn't occur again, or—

The telephone rang. Was Mr. Allington—the Mr. Alling-

ton—at home? Would he care to address the Civic Temperance League on the “Beauties of Our American Poets?” He wasn’t in town? Oh, so sorry.

There was nothing in the ice-box which he could cook well enough to eat, except bacon and eggs. There was bread, too—butter, cream for coffee, and some strawberry preserve. This he prepared and ate in solitary grandeur, in the dining room.

Maru would clean up, when he returned from his day of revelry. Back in the living room, he picked up the manuscript. Supposing it were good enough to get by old J. J., still he had been mistaken before, and a few of the “winners” he had picked hadn’t finished even a whole edition. But then, old J. J. had, admittedly, curious tastes.

Brenda’s story was about a captain on one of Cæsar’s legions. Why, that sort of thing had been done to death ages ago. If she had to write, why not something modern, something with the throb of reality in its pulse? But he read on.

The rather rambling narrative began to shape itself. The canvas widened, the rough beginning smoothed and faded before the triumphal flow of words—words like wrought silver, like hammered bronze. He saw the cypress trees on the slopes of Luna, pallid in the moonlight, stirred by a wind, a warm wind blowing from across dim, limitless sea-reaches. He saw the chalk-white cliffs of Albion recede in the blue distance, fading behind the homeward-turned galleys. He heard the tramp of Cæsar’s armies down the Appian Way, the golden eagle fluttering aloft—borne back to Rome, to triumph. He felt suddenly very old, in a world that had always been young. He switched off the lights and went to bed.

* * *

The interminably long days were passing somehow. He avoided the ’phone. Supposing she were to call up and ask if anything were wrong—what would he say? He couldn’t talk to her now. He must have time to think, to consider.

He was a fool; he wasn’t going to let a little thing like—like

that make a difference, was he? He'd go up that afternoon and tell her—tell her what? After all, this sudden warmth, this feeling that something indispensable had come into his life—a second time—might be only one of those illusory vestiges of a youth that was past, the Indian summer of life about which he, himself, had written. And he hadn't said anything to commit himself. To all appearances, they were just good friends. And weren't they? Of course! They were both too sensible for anything else, now.

That afternoon he went up—to return the manuscript. Confusion—an orderly disarray—everywhere. Flowers all over the tables, the taborets, the bookcases. He noted with pleasure that his own roses were conspicuously placed on a little teakwood stand, near a sofa.

Why couldn't things go on, as they had for the last two months? Why did she have to go away? He'd miss her terribly—no, he couldn't let her go, he'd speak now, he'd—

“Brenda!”

“Yes?” She raised her eyes from the trunk, in which she had just placed a dress. They were bright, expectant. But just then the telephone rang sharply, jarringly. Brenda answered it. It was J. J., about the book. All this Allington gathered absently, for he was thinking about the book, which he had brought along, and had momentarily forgotten.

She hung up and turned to him, as though she were waiting for him to go on with what he had started to say. He couldn't say it now, but he must say something.

“Brenda—I brought the book back.”

“Yes?”

He handed it to her, silently.

“Well, did you read it?”

“Yes. It is good—it is—very good.” The words seemed to stick in his throat, and he felt something within him, forcing him to cry out in humility, in despair: “Yes, it is splendid, it is superb, it is better than anything *I* have ever done.” He was trapped in an endless labyrinth of days and days—and the only

way out was ruin for the literary Mr. Allington—the Mr. Allington, whom his public knew and admired.

A little while later, he rose to go. Of course she would write and tell him about the confetti-strewn streets—the mad carnival days—the Campagna ablaze in the glory of spring.

The look of disappointment seemed to have deepened into one of actual sadness. It was hard on her, in a way, too. There were some new lines around her mouth. Yes, they were both getting on . . .

They shook hands cordially enough, at the door, and then he turned and went across to the elevator. He knew that she was still standing there, in the doorway, looking after him, but he didn't turn around.

There was nothing more to say.

GARDEN AT DUSK

THE pale green evening in the sky
Through arabesques of jet . . .
A young night zephyr passing brings
This trace of mignonette.
The pale green slants to darker blue,
And then . . . my eyes are wet:
This garden holds so many things
I cannot quite forget!

KATHLEEN A. FORD, '32.



BLUE-BEND

BY GERALDINE WALSH,

Winner of Second Prize in LORIA'S Short Story Contest

I



HE fallen leaves had covered the slopes of the hills with an autumnal carpet of dull gold that rustled and whispered when he walked on it with his heavy hunting boots. But the dog's light feet brought forth not the faintest protest from the leaves. The lovely details of the trees were revealed by the early morning light. He noted the slender birches, the burly oaks with their bulging roots, and the towering elms with their branches etching lacy patterns against the sky. He thought how trees in summer were like paintings, relying upon light and color and beauty, while trees in winter possessed the clearness and the perfection of sculpture. His shapeless canvas jacket flapped in the wind as he strode along, breathing deeply of the sharp November air. One of his boot laces worked loose and he sat down against an outcropping of granite to tuck it in. At dawn the valley was filled with floating mist—a silver lake between two rolling, dim black hills. Now the mist was gone. The meadows were crossed with the lines of roads stretching from hill to hill. The tall grass curved under the steady pressure of the wind, and became a flowing river of blue.

The dog trotted over and waited beside the boy, who absent-mindedly stroked the fine black head and pulled the long silky ears. But the dog did not relax. He stood tense, his eyes trained on the valley below. His nose quivered as if, in spite of the distance yet to go, he had already picked up the scent of some luckless hare or pheasant. But none of the setter's enthusiasm was communicated to his master, a tall boy of about eighteen, who, with a puzzled frown, stared unseeing at the big shot gun which he held against his knee. As he rubbed the dog's fur the wrong way and then smoothed it back in place, he wondered:

had it not been for his grandfather's death would he now be hunting alone? Here it was the end of November and this the first day he had been out. How unlike other years, when the opening day of the hunting season had found him ready at dawn to be off with the crowd. And probably even today, the same fellows were out somewhere following their dogs. About this time every year they made a trip back of Lyons where the shooting was really good. Were they missing him now? Was Jim missing him? But even as he wondered he knew that it did not matter very much. Jim and the rest seemed far away and strangely unimportant. Yet, he must admit, it was not easy to blot Jim out of his memory. His image would come cropping up at the oddest times, for Jim was inextricably bound up with the past. The "two Jays" they had called themselves, Jim and John.

The best things he had done, as well as the stupidest, had all been done with Jim! Jim had figured in his most vivid experiences. John recalled that horrible night in the Black Swamp. They had finished visiting their traps, half blinded with fatigue, and with no moon to help them, they had missed the path. He had stumbled over a log and immediately had begun to sink into a well of thick black mud that enveloped him like a clammy cloak. The dank odor of decay suffocated him as he was imperceptibly drawn deeper into the bottomless mire. From that oozy slime Jim's almost superhuman efforts had delivered him.

And now they were so far separated in thought that it was as if they had known each other in a previous existence—of which only a memory remained. Jim was still traveling the road they had taken together at the beginning of their third year in high school, while he—he had mysteriously come upon another way, one which Jim would never care to travel. Jim was keen for parties and girls, for skipping school and gypping exams. He, himself, had gone in for that almost hectic sort of living after some party at Brian's, when the fiery contents of a silver flask had burned and choked him and lifted his self-consciousness. And after that, he had not minded doing those

crazy, intricate steps which other people found so difficult and which came naturally to his long legs. Adelaide had marvelled at his dancing—Adelaide, with whom he had found himself alone, one night, in Brian's dimly lit library, where they had gone when it was their turn to think up an "act." She had thrown her head back against the dark stuff of the divan and the glow from the rose lamp had touched her face with magic. After he had kissed her, her head had fallen lightly on his shoulder and he had been frightened and happy. Now, he tried to recall what kissing Adelaide had been like. But it was as if, eating an orange, he had found the juice displaced by water.

All of that was meaningless now. It was curious that an event of which he had been but an observer, had had the power to disturb his whole scheme of things. It seemed as if people's lives were like the roads down there, winding and crossing in the blue. Every one had a path marked out for him, where he must walk alone. But sometimes two of these lines met and then branched off again, their course altered by the contact. Certainly that was how it had been with the two Jays. They had been traveling parallel paths until his grandfather's death. After that, circumstances had forced him to take a different direction, while Jim had continued along the old way. Again he could not but wonder what might have happened had his grandfather not died. The old man had failed suddenly. From a weather-beaten immortal he had become a shrunken invalid. For John it had meant giving up rides and parties to rush home and relieve his mother in the sick-room. In those long hours of inactivity he had turned for diversion to the great stacks of books which had been the old man's chief source of pleasure. As he hungrily read volume after volume, he had become conscious of the existence of a previously unknown world, and had devoted the weeks that followed to delving deeper into its secrets. When his old friends ceased to seek him out he had come to depend more and more on the comrades of this ideal place. When his loneliness had become almost unbearable, he had fled to the world of his imagination. Here he could escape the sadness and

fear that pursued him—fear for his grandfather who was about to face a strange, terrifying experience, who lay in pain, waiting for the end of life and hoping for the beginning of—what? So he had grown accustomed to the lonely quiet of his home, content to be alone with his thoughts and his dog. People had become vague distractions with no significance. Sir, of all the real world, was important. Sir, really Sirius, his beautiful setter, had lain at his feet through the long vigils, whimpering his sympathy—loyal as that other Sirius who keeps unfailing watch with Orion in the winter sky. Sir could accept without understanding, as Jim could not. He had tried very hard to make Jim understand the change that had come over him. But Jim had gone on resenting his aloofness, until now they hardly spoke. Adelaide had made one or two attempts to “pep him up,” and failing, had ignored him.

And so, only Sir remained. Today had been planned as a treat for the setter, who had been pining to hunt since the opening of the season. A low whine from Sir reminded John that he was delaying.

“Sorry, old fellow,” he murmured as he ran his hand over the strong back of the dog, whose taut muscles were like steel under silk. Then some of his old enthusiasm returned. Down in the valley the waving blue-bend swayed and beckoned to him, as if promising good hunting. The eagerness of other years came upon him. He jumped to his feet and cried, “Let’s get at them!” Like a flash they were off down the slope, Sir already three bounds ahead of his master.

II

The dull ache in the muscles of John’s legs told of the miles of field and woodland he had covered since morning. He felt weighted down by his gun and his full game bag. In spite of his fatigue, he was permeated with a satisfying sense of the rightness of things and a willingness to accept the plan of the uni-

verse. Sir, all but exhausted, could not quite suppress his joy, for he still dashed wildly into the grass as if on some fresh scent. John was satisfied with his success. Two fine cock-pheasants and three hares made a respectable showing for a first day out. What sport it had been! Sir had been splendid. There was no doubt about it, he was the best pointer in the county. If there was one thing that gave John more pleasure than standing in the orchard at night, listening to wild geese honking overhead in their invisible flight through the gray mist, it was the sight of Sir pointing. He recalled the dog as he had seen him that day, blocked out against the grass, his tense blue-black body in line with the bird, and from his nose to his plumed tail, alive, motionless.

John was cutting across a field about a mile from the house, when a round brown object hopped out in front of him and scampered into a clump of bushes a few yards ahead. He dropped his bag and whistled for Sir, who was nowhere in sight. This rabbit was a bit too near home for the good of the spring lettuce. Better put him out of the way. He scared the hare out of the thicket and let him run. Then, just as the brown streak dashed into the tall blue-bend, he fired. The silence that followed the report of the gun was rent by a piteous whining that came from somewhere in the grass. John grew white with terror. A million needle-pointed icicles pierced his brain. He fought against the realization of the meaning of the cry. The sound came again but weaker. He plunged into the grass, the gun still smoking in his hand. Instinctively he found the spot where Sir lay bleeding. The dog tried to raise himself but fell back whining. He opened his eyes to the boy—brown eyes filled with suffering and bewilderment. Sir was beseeching his master, the omnipotent, whose kindness had never failed, to end this strange punishment, to set him free. There was but one thing to be done.

III

John lay there till the sun went down, till the hated light had gone and grayness came down from the hills. He was cold and crushed as if some vital thing had been stamped out in him. Dead—Sir was dead. Stupid chance had deprived him of his dearest friend.

A mad rebellion took possession of him. He would defy fate. Sir could not be taken from him. He would live on in the only way that mattered; in the thought world of his master, Sir would be immortal. His was the final triumph. The boy stumbled to his feet. He whistled to his dog as he went forward into the twilight.

THERE IS AN END TO SPEECH

THERE is an end to speech.

A last good-bye

Cannot be said in words,

But quivers in the throat, until the tears

Are forced, are wrung, are tortured from the soul.

There is an end to speech.

For who could speak—

Feeling an ocean swelling 'neath her breast,

Feeling a warm wind curling round her throat,

Living with the clouds—revelling in rain,

Clothed with the sun, yet lying close to earth.

There is an end to speech,

When I

Look from the lowly dust where my soul lies

Up to the stars . . . and find them in your eyes.

KATHLEEN A. FORD, '32.

PATIENCE IN PURSUIT OF A PERSONALITY

BY MARGARETTA DORNEY,
Honorable Mention in LORIA's Short Story Contest



PATIENCE ABIGAIL WINSLOW was totally lacking in personality; so she told herself bitterly. She had never learned to play the piano in thirty days, she did not look well in a bathing suit, and anywhere she was just a blur on the horizon. Even that name, Patience Abigail—. She wrote it in a neat clear hand, on a neat sheet of paper, on her neat desk. Impatiently she threw down the pencil. Everything about her was so commonplace. Well, everything would be different, now, and so would her name. After this she would be Pat Winslow.

Before going further with her resolutions, Patience (or rather Pat) stole softly downstairs to be sure that her metamorphosis would be unobserved. She breathed a sigh of relief. There was no one home but her mother, and she was engrossed in a paper on insanity, which she was writing for her club. Imagine! She had always thought that a nervous breakdown was a nice genteel thing to suffer from—she had even considered having one herself. And now here was an article saying it was just another name for insanity. Besides that, she discovered, any pronounced change in a person's handwriting or actions was another symptom. Yes, mother was learning things.

Not caring what interested her mother, just so long as it *did* interest her, Pat went back to her room to plan her transformation. First, her writing must go—it was so ordinary. After much experimenting, she chose a sample that looked like a cross between a tree struck by lightning and two lines and a circle suffering from a paralytic stroke. Her room next gained her attention; it was entirely too neat, she decided. A few ink blots on her immaculate rug, the spread pulled off her bed and powder strewn over her vanity soon remedied the defect.

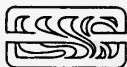
It was a good thing that Pat had not bought many clothes that season. Now she could indulge in clothes to suit her newly acquired personality. Hitherto, she had worn neutral colors with carefully matched accessories. But now, she would not be ruled by conventions. She bought anything she liked, regardless of suitability or harmony. Her mother even discovered a suit of futuristic pajamas among her evening clothes.

Of course, Pat's metamorphosis had not passed unobserved. Pat's friends and neighbors watched with interest and amusement; but her mother was horrified—and her horror increased day by day. Fearfully she counted up the changes in her daughter and then compared them with her article on insanity. Could it be—*her* daughter—? She was so glad she had not given her talk yet. (The next meeting of the Up to the Minute Women's Club was enlivened by a talk by Mrs. Winslow on "Women and the League of Nations.")

For some weeks Pat rejoiced in her new-found individuality. Then, one day, her friends were astonished to hear that she was suffering from a nervous breakdown. And she had looked so healthy! Dear, dear! it was very sad.

* * *

Pat Winslow is Patience Abigail again. Once more, her room is as neat as a pin; her handwriting is clear and firm; and her clothes are retiring and demure. She is once more a blur on the horizon. But then she figures she'd rather be one of the crowd at home than an individualist in Kings Park.



SATURDAY GIRL



JANE glanced at her watch and gasped. She tore down the steps, banged out the door marked "Employees Only," and ran through the bakery. Then she turned to the right and dashed up three steps to the main floor. Cash registers rang, salesgirls dashed in and out between counters. Jane pushed on until she came to an escalator. Two minutes later she was scrawling something on a finger-marked time-sheet. Flinging down the yellow stub, she ran into the stock room. No one was there. Closing the door, she opened her purse and took out two crumpled bills and a pencil. Smoothing out the bills, she folded them and placed them in the sole of her shoe. Then, sticking the pencil through the little "bun" at the nape of her neck, she threw her purse into a broken-edged cardboard box in the corner of the room.

Someone shouted, "S-105! S-105!" The door opened, admitting a whiff of cheap perfume and a short fleshy figure in a tight brown dress.

"Oh, here you are," she chirped as she flung an armful of hangers on the floor. "Hurry up out. You're late. Got about five or six customers out there now."

Jane obeyed. The brown figure followed her and caught her arm. "There's a quick sale," she said, pointing to a tall angular woman in a shriveled muskrat coat.

"May I help you, madam?" The woman looked up. Her face was young, but thin, drawn, and pale. Her crimson lips drooped. There were dark circles under her eyes.

"Yeah," she chewed, as she took two dresses from the "Special—\$16.75" rack. "Here's where I bust the bankroll."

Jane led the way to a dressing room. "Think I'll tackle the green foist. Always looked good in green." She stepped out of her short, faded dress and threw it on the chair. As Jane slipped the desired dress over her head, the girl continued, "Gee,

don'tcha love these long skoits? No kiddin', they look swell! Huh? No, I'm useta them now."

"Isn't that sweet? Why that's perfectly stunning on you," Jane gushed. "Just look at those lines in the back. Aren't they smart?"

The girl looked at Jane. "Say, lissen dearie, cut the sales line, will ya? Y'know I woiked in a store oncet myself. Klein's." Chewing vigorously, she examined herself in the mirror. "Not such a bad rag at that." She stepped forward, took two steps backward, and then pivoted slowly.

"Like it? Huh, it's a sale, dearie."

Jane's mouth opened. Her eyes widened. "But wouldn't you care to—that is—don't you want to—?"

"What for? Waste your time and mine? I like this. See? And I can't like two in the same day. Get me?"

Jane waited at the wrapping desk. Someone tapped her shoulder. She swung around.

"Step on it, sister. In just about ten minutes I gotta plug in."

Jane counted the change into a skinny palm. The girl tucked the small brown box under one arm.

"Good luck, dearie," she called as she slouched away, her shoulders drooping, but her head up.

* * *

"No, madam, that isn't too snug. Now, turn this way. There, do you see what I mean? Why, that's a perfectly straight line."

A heavily built but extremely smart young matron in a willow black chiffon studied herself critically.

"No," she shook her head, "I'm afraid I couldn't wear that."

"Well, how about this, a little double-date frock?" Jane held up a duplicate of the dress that had been purchased that morning by the girl in the shriveled muskrat.

The young matron laughed and turned to the gray-haired woman who sat very straight on the edge of her chair.

"What do you think, mother?" The older woman raised a lorgnette.

"Ridiculous little thing, isn't it? Looks like Flatbush Avenue, \$7.95."

"It's a wonderful piece of silk, madam," Jane ventured, offering the garment for the older woman's inspection.

"Yes, yes, of course, we understand all that. Come, Dorothy, don't waste any more time."

"Just a moment, madam," Jane half pleaded. She pushed through the curtain and hurried to the stock room.

"Miss Blumberg!"

"Yes? Here I am." The short, fleshy figure in the tight brown dress emerged from somewhere behind a rack of dresses.

"I'm stumped," Jane said simply.

"Lead the way," chirped Miss Blumberg, polishing her red nails on her sleeve. "We can't afford any walk-outs today."

"This is the buyer," Jane explained, ushering Miss Blumberg into the room.

The young matron had her hat and coat on. She was powdering her nose in the mirror. The gray-haired woman had risen and was pulling on her gloves. Miss Blumberg tilted her chin, raised her eyebrows and placed one hand on a broad hip.

"What can I do for modom?"

"Nothing, we're afraid," answered the mother in a quiet tone. "Come, Dorothy, we'll try elsewhere."

"But modom—!" wailed Miss Blumberg.

In a moment she was herself again. She turned to Jane.

"Can you beat that? Well," she sighed, "get those dresses out on the racks, and listen, the next time choose your customer more carefully."

Five customers (but only three sales) later, Jane was supporting herself against a show-case. Her feet throbbed, and her back ached. Her eyes traveled to the clock. Fifteen minutes more of misery!

"Quit star-gazin' dearie, and get to work at these." A sales-girl handed her an armful of dresses. Jane shuffled them me-

chanically. She put "sixteens" on one rack, "fourteens" on another. She pulled a red chiffon out here and stuck a green crêpe in there. Miss Blumberg breezed by.

"Stock tonight, girls," she chirped gleefully. "Everyone on hand to take stock."

The room buzzed. Some muttered under their breath, others laughed sarcastically, and one, a short fat Jewish girl, made a face at the buyer behind her back. A few boldly declared themselves.

"What's the idea, takin' stock on Saturday night?"

"Well, she won't get me to stay. I gotta heavy."

"Aw, pipe down. You did a fade-out last week."

"I pulled a hundred and fifty today and I'll be darned if I do overtime."

The gong rang. Miss Blumberg sang out, "Clear the racks! Pencils and papers ready!"

A tall, lanky peroxide blonde approached Jane.

"Did you hear the bugle call? A dame with a nerve like that oughta be shot!"

Jane sighed and shifted from one foot to the other.

"Gee, kid, you're dead!" The girl lowered her voice and moved closer. "It's a shame," she began bitterly, "Blumberg'll pull the trigger on Saturdays now just 'cause you extras are on. An' you're not supposed to take stock, y'know."

"So that's the game! Well, as far as I'm concerned, it isn't going to work." Jane disappeared into the stock room. Two minutes later she was rushing towards the escalator.

"S-105! S-105!" Miss Blumberg screamed after her.

Jane let her scream.

MARION H. TOSHACK, '30.

Loria

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EDITORIALS

THE SHORT STORY CONTEST



LORIA presents in this issue the three prize-winning stories in the Short Story Contest announced in the January number. We believe that you will find them thoroughly enjoyable.

The purpose of this contest was to stimulate an interest in the production of this type of literary work. The number of stories submitted was a comparatively small one, but, the editors thought, a very good beginning. Every entry showed points of interest, and the general quality of the stories was quite acceptable. We hope that by offering prizes, we have awakened talents that have been latent—or perhaps dormant? We think

we have, and we hope that future LORIAS will benefit by this renaissance of the short story during 1930.

Experience has demonstrated that stories are always of paramount interest to the undergraduate reader of a college magazine. It has, consequently, always been a puzzle why LORIA did not receive more stories. The question has yet to be solved. But perhaps in the future it will not trouble the LORIA Board, because of the clearer realization on the part of contributors that short stories are far from being thankless efforts, and that they arouse a pitch of interest in the magazine which cannot but benefit both it and the school.

THE RELIEF FUND

This year at St. Joseph's has been one of unprecedented progress in student government and undergraduate activity. Among the many achievements that will go on record is the establishment of the St. Joseph's College Relief Fund by the Religion Committee. The need for a fund from which students in financial difficulties might draw has often made itself felt in the past.

For the purpose of raising money for this fund, the Religion Committee ran a Bridge and Dance during the past semester. The returns of this affair amounted to a substantial sum—the beginning of a fund which, we hope, will grow yearly in resources and usefulness.

A committee consisting of alumnae, undergraduates and a member of the Faculty, has been organized to administer the fund. Loans will be available at a low rate of interest to any student who has at some time been affiliated with St. Joseph's. Strictest confidence is assured. The establishment of this fund means the knitting of a closer bond between Alma Mater and her children; it evidences a true spirit of charity.

EXCHANGE

WHEN one reads the comment of one's contemporaries of other parts of the world, one sometimes becomes a little saddened. Or perhaps it was that lobster sandwich. At any rate, one becomes *pensive*. One has to, you know, when one *writes* a column. In fact, life becomes "sadder and pensiver" when we come upon things like these (and from a man we thought we could trust):

"Again we have the temerity to criticize a feminine exchange. We have been admonished innumerable times for just this thing, but there is something about it that attracts us. We have taken the *LORIA*, published quarterly by *St. John's College for Women*, Brooklyn, N. Y." My, my, Mr. *Index*, your typographical error department was working overtime! Notwithstanding the slight vertigo that accompanied this intelligence (dear *Index* [Niagara] that you should choose us, out of all the news on your shelves!) there is always, even in the strongest of us, a weak spot. And this was ours.

All we can say, in our weak journalistic way, is, that if Niagara weren't four hundred and fifty miles from New York City, the exchange editor might understand our dignified consternation.

To turn to other matters, we have just about decided that western publications surpass those of the East in many important aspects, save one. For one thing, they possess a fresher, more engagingly original flair for doing the old things in a new way. Their type set-ups are better, their material is qualitatively and quantitatively what we editors call "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." They seem to retain the old pioneer aggressiveness in being unafraid to introduce, here and there, a novelty. Where the conservatism of journalism has checked the easterner, it has opened a new world to conquer for the westerner. For example, it is the experience of most editors to receive a number of small poems (usually seasonal or occasional),

and finding their publication as separate one-page poems not feasible, to discard them. Your western paper—Clarke College's *Labarum*, the *Loretine*, *St. Benedict's Quarterly*, *St. Mary's Chimes*—combines them under some composite title like "Verselets," or "Autumn," etc. It proves a novelty for the reader, while it offers an incentive to the writer.

We said that they excelled in several major items, but one, and that palm goes to Buffalo's Canisius College, for excellence in the short story. In reviewing the November, December and January issues of the *Quarterly*, we found that the three best stories that appeared respectively in these issues were from the pen of Mr. Charles Brady. His work seems almost that of a professional, as it will be, no doubt, shortly. We look forward to seeing more stories by him, and with a wider circulation than that offered by a college magazine.

Right here, since we are discussing ability and since charity begins at home, let us bring into the limelight one *Gargoyle*, that has gone long enough without recognition in these pages. Cathedral College, right here in Brooklyn, renewed a failing hope. The secret, we think, lies in its informality and humor. The *Gargoyle* has a tradition of superior wit, but this (February) number beats many of its predecessors. When they put on "Uncle Tom's Habit," they called the characters Salmon Degree, Little Fever and Dropsy. The article on how the Prof, muffled high in cassock, overcoat and biretta, opened the windows one wintry morning and consciously unconscious, froze the whole class stiff, is fine. The alumni notes are something to be admired and envied. And as for Mr. Glimm, where did he get the "glimmer" of book reviewing? More power to you, *Gargoyle*.

Hors d'Oeuvres

or

*What Our Contemporaries Offer in the Matter of Heroes
and Heroines*

"Inside, old Russell interviewed his daughter, a slip of a girl in a flame-colored sheath, perfect as Galatea before her transformation, and about as cold. Her avocation took the form of eligible males. She came by her hunting instinct honestly enough, for her great uncle on her mother's side had been a capital shot. . . . There was this divergence in their mode of procedure—the uncle used to give his roving prey a sporting chance."—*Canisius Quarterly*, November.

* * *

"With the pet under her arm the girl stood, and the lad for the first time saw her face—delicately formed features, framed with curly dark hair."—*Labarum*, Winter.

* * *

"Sitting at the table with his forehead resting in the palms of his propped hands, he might be taken for one in the depths of despair, yet a smile seemed to twitch about the corners of the youthful mouth."

"She touched the slowly stiffening face and realized the truth. Scorching tears of mother-resignation blinded her eyes and coursed down her aged cheeks as she again touched the pain-distorted face, murmuring, 'My God, you've brought my boy home at last.' "—*Gargoyle*, February.

* * *

"Together in the dampness of the hall they said their prayers; The utter madness of the wind had all but brought the girl to tears.

She clung to him, her shining hair like endless golden stairs,
Too chilled to tell the fears that mounted her heart and
screamed in her ears."

—*Fordham Monthly*, February.

"A girl is always one of three things: Hungry, thirsty or both. . . . As a gold digger she's a success only when she can make you feel that she's taking this lunch with you and not from you."

Harsh words, Nell, from—St. John's *Torch*, February 7.

* * *

"For seven years John had hid his breaking heart under a smiling exterior. Yet on this beautiful day, so like that spring morn many years ago when he first met the beautiful Belle of the Finklemeier family, he could no longer disguise his feelings."—Mt. St. Vincent *Campus Record*, February 1.



AS WE LIKE IT NONSENSE AND STUFF

OUR Own Believe It or Not Department:

We were sitting in Freye's the other day (before Lent, of course), when we heard a girl remark dolefully:

"I'd love to get a condition, just to see what it feels like."

Then there was the girl who wrote as part of an answer on the Ethics condition, "My Ethics are shaky, but practically I'm a morally good woman." Honest she did!

* * *

Some day we're going to write a book on "Taxi Drivers I Have Known." We have run into all types of the species. One gave us a hard-luck story about what a tough life taxi-driving is, the difficulties of making a living at it, and so forth. We nearly weakened and gave him fifteen cents instead of a dime tip; but then we thought of other members of the union who had nearly flattened us by dashing around corners and crossing red lights. So we had the courage of our convictions and gave him the dime.

But we ran into the prize one the other night. It was stormy and cold, and we had neither rubbers nor umbrella, so we decided to taxi home. We hailed a cab at Clinton and DeKalb, and yelled good-bye to the rest as we jumped in. We might have expected the worst when the driver turned and remarked affably, "Gee, it's heck to be poor!"

We drove along, on two wheels most of the time, the driver meanwhile carrying on a running conversation as to the school we attended, what kind of a racket teaching was, and kindred subjects. We learned that he knew a girl at Hunter.

Then he began to get personal by asking us if we went out much, and how many boy-friends we had. He climaxed it by saying that we did not look like a back number, and ought to be kept pretty busy.

Having been informed that the number of our boy-friends

was not as high as it might be, he was silent for a minute or so. Then he evidently came to the philanthropic conclusion that he would help us raise the ante, as it were, and asked, "How about me seein' you some night?"

Imagine our embarrassment! We had visions of being thrown in the gutter if we turned him down! And that Hunter girl—what of her? We finally ventured a timid reply that we were studying awfully hard, and honestly, couldn't go out at all.

We were turning the corner for home then, and we pulled up at the door. As we handed him the fare, he said, "O. K., babe, no harm done. So long!"

Maybe we shouldn't have said no?

* * *

In the spring a Senior's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of :

Class day dresses and big hats . . . all the dues and collections that have to be paid . . . "he wouldn't flunk you if it meant your degree" . . . how the picture in the Year Book will turn out . . . what kind of write-up she'll get . . . possibilities of tripping while ascending, crossing and descending the Academy of Music stage . . . "gosh, I'll be glad to get out" . . . sentimental reveries on the fleetingness of Bright College Years . . . License Number One and the Teacher in Training . . . secretarial courses . . . wedding rings . . . veils, habits, and high shoes . . . "we'll surely keep together after we get out!" . . .

Oh, we could go on like this indefinitely, but in the words of Rian James, do you c. a. d.?

* * *

Random notes:

Social: The basketball team and its followers (there are so two!) enjoyed a pleasant week-end at Mt. St. Joseph's in Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

Athletic: The basketball team was soundly trimmed by the Mt. St. Joseph's College team on Saturday, March 8.

A girl remarked the other day, "Hasn't the team won *one* game?" Then she added thoughtfully a few minutes later, "Still, it's nice to have an unbroken record!"

* * *

The Glee Club's production of "Patience, or Bunthorne's Bride" was very enjoyable, particularly at the dramatic moment when Bunthorne crashed through the barrel. The audience was vociferous in its appreciation.

* * *

Those knowing any preventives or cures for seasickness will do four Seniors a favor if they will forward said cures or preventives to said Seniors, in care of this Department.

* * *

We were sitting in Freye's another day (again, before Lent), enjoying a loud and heated argument with a friend of ours. A Junior turned to us, and said, in all seriousness, "Gosh, I don't see how you can fight (n. b.—we were not) like that, when you have so little time left together!"

* * *

We saw a sign the other day—"One Hundred Men Wanted." And it wasn't outside St. Joseph's College either!

* * *

This column marks our last contribution to LORIA. (Loud cries of "Good riddance!") We do not intend to get sentimental about it. We'd just like to have our last word.

The column idea for LORIA was our brain-child, and it is a well-known fact that children are always perfect in the eyes of their parents. However, being in a magnanimous mood, we admit the defects in our "literary" offspring.

We know that many would have called the column "Much Ado About Nothing or Less." But we honestly have tried to live up to our title—Nonsense and Stuff—and if there hasn't been much of either, it is due simply to our lack of ability. *Nostra culpa!* We have put a lot of effort and even a little anguish in our attempts to write a column. We hope you haven't had to put

as much effort and anguish into reading it. Perhaps we are flattering ourself that we have readers. Maybe we're even being optimistic in assuming the existence of one reader. But—we always were optimistic, and so to our one reader, we say—we hope you've liked it!

M. N. C., '30.

ON BEING LAUGHED AT

THERE is not one of us, however well-padded her spiritual constitution may be with all the cardinal virtues, who can admit an honest liking for the horrible sensation of being laughed at. If my reader should chance to be of an empirical state of mind, I ask her to observe in some class in which the students are prone to error (there are such classes, I am told), just what effect this aforementioned process has upon different people.

There are some who manifestly don't care one way or the other whether or not they reduce their classmates to hilarity; but these poised individuals are invariably of a naïve character, and horribly proud of it. There are others who, having created a good joke, are generally placed in the embarrassing situation of not getting the point of it, and are forced into adding their own hollow laughter to the uproar of the class in order to save the remaining shreds of their reputation. And there are still others to whom a laugh which they themselves have evoked is the most terrifying of sounds. It affects them, it would seem, with a disastrous form of paralysis; they stiffen under it, and look as if they were slowly and painfully suffocating; a betraying flush begins its gradual progress from their crimson ears to the dull red glow of their countenances; they form a picture of complete and unadulterated misery.

On the whole—it's rather an acid test—this business of being laughed at. . . .

Now I'm not complaining—but you know, I am rather sensitive on this laughing matter myself. And I am just beginning to discover that in my brief stay at the college, I have been

laughed at daily and consistently—not without reason, I might admit—but laughed at just the same. In fact, what one of us is there who, in the throes of, say, a math quizz, or in the event of having been requested to answer an embarrassingly unfamiliar question, has not encountered the grinning and implacable faces of the cynical row of lions on the roof of Two-forty-five? They have laughed silently and maliciously at a good many people; greeted their troubles and their triumphs with the same sympathetic expression. They will, in all probability, continue to regard future generations with equal impudence. It would seem that these lions, with their extended jaws—that give constant promise of one day emitting a thundering and hilarious roar of laughter—were born wise and have been laughing at life's little jokes ever since.

Not that their mirth is not justified—I fancy any one in their position, with an unobstructed view of all the vagaries of student life before him, would find himself reacting in a similar fashion. The effect, however, upon the object of this protracted laughter is inclined to be a bit disconcerting at times. If you should be experiencing boredom, that most exhausting of sensations, and the period is dragging along on leaden feet, it does not help matters any to encounter the stony but amused glance of that imperturbable gallery. If you are anticipating a call at any moment—and are anxiously trying to discover what the discussion has been about during the hour—the lions' smile takes on a faintly diabolical look. And if you are attempting a little heavy thinking and are so foolish as to glance over at that silent row of scoffers, you will, if you are at all impressionable, find your lofty impulses considerably diminished. Yes, it is rather disconcerting.

And the amusing part of it all is that the subjects of my discussion are, with their usual cynicism, laughing at me right now!

MARY CRONIN, '31.

MAJORS

JUST as every master attacks his subject by treating of the field as a whole—in a like manner shall I deal with this subject “majors.” A “major” is that subject a student decides to sit through for the greatest number of her collegio-scholastic hours. She chooses a particular major because (1) she has a passion for same subject; (2) it is the least obnoxious of all subjects; (3) the profs who teach it are swell, easy or soothing; (4) it is the major of a perfectly stunning senior; (5) the idea of choosing it came to her in a dream. So much for the causes.

In considering the results and the particular phases of the problem we have listed and commented upon the various types of majors:

The most numerous of these creatures are the English ones. These are usually rather thin and pale—you know, the book-worm type. If you observe closely you will notice that they constantly maintain an attitude which consists in leaning forward, ears thrown well back, and head tilted slightly to the right. They got that way from trying to catch Mr. Shuster’s pearly words. The group of English majors is peculiar in that it contains a species designated—most often by fond aunts and senile uncles—as gifted. They can, to use an old colloquialism, “write.” They will, upon due pressure, submit poems about “silver-spangled purple moors” and entitle them “Mauve—a Study in Sky and Sea.” They are quite frequently of a sardonical nature and maintain (at some cost) a cynical lower lip. The less “gifted” go in strongly for Chaucer and word history courses and content themselves with taunting the young and disillusioning the old by showing them pages of Old English.

Next in number are the history majors. These have no distinctive physical characteristics beyond a slight squint from date-learning. If you waited outside one of their classrooms you would note that they emerge with smiling faces and roguish looks. They have probably just heard a lot of amusing anecdotes. History abounds in them, you know. Even if not en-

couraged these majors will tell you the story of how Washington swam the Hudson, or how Lincoln put his finger over the hole in the dike and saved the town—and many others just as intriguing as history itself is.

And now for the math majors. These are inclined to be plump and are fairly amiable if not crossed. They spend their spare time in little gatherings which they whimsically term "Math Club meetings." At these, about every three weeks, after everybody has received two zeros, they present an ex-member and in some detail she recounts the history of mathematics—revised and unabridged. It is also pretty generally accepted that math majors are talented musically. What with all the new methods of teaching it wouldn't surprise us a bit if several problems in Advanced Trigonometry were interspersed with a flute solo or two.

When we arrive at the case of the language majors, since they are fewer in number there is less to be said about—or for them.

Latin majors are inclined to be frivolous. This might seem odd, but after you examine the circumstances it isn't. Let us suppose that Mary is rather feather-brained and gay—her family decides that what Mary needs is a good old-fashioned Latin major to sober her up. Consequently we find Mary dividing her time between "frivols" and "trots."

French majors chatter. They have a quaint little custom of eating lunch together at agreed-upon times, and conversing entirely in French and grunts. One of our instructors raised the question one day as to how many of us, when doing things, ever regarded those actions in the light of their possible effect on our descendants. With this point in mind we earnestly advise all to keep away from the region of this luncheon group if they do not wish to endow mankind with a long line of blithering idiots.

Spanish majors usually have a rather woebegone, lonesome expression. Just look in on a Spanish 53 (or another with advanced numerals) class and you will understand why.

Although we don't possess any of the following types of ma-

jors at S. J. C., we will consider the possibilities and characterize them briefly :

1. Science majors: Highly odoriferous and inquisitive.
2. G. A. majors: Always ready with a new song or an original playlet.
3. Education majors: No matter what question you ask them they will blithely respond "Plus," or, as occasion demands, "Minus."
4. Philosophy majors: Keep away—they're kinda queer.

We would urge that you give this very brief outline of a vast and engrossing subject your undivided attention, and we earnestly recommend a careful study of the facts presented. And then if you have any sense at all—you'll run to the nearest offices of the A. T. and T. Company.

BEATRICE C. GREENBAUM, '31.

FRESHMANISTIC IMPRESSIONS

FEBRUARY third will go down in our life history as one of its most eventful days. Why? We entered college. No longer were we "children of a slightly larger growth" but "young women whose opinion will be highly respected in our communities." It was very thrilling, yet the least bit terrifying, to be told that we were on our own and were responsible only to ourselves. But we have to grow up sometime, so we're getting used to it.

The thing that surprised us most was the friendly greeting we received. Before entering, we had heard tales of wearing night-gowns to school, eating vaseline sandwiches, and bowing down to our very toe-nails when we met an upper classman. But what happened? Everyone was helping us find our way about and apologizing all over the place for not having spoken to us sooner. For a moment we had a sneaking suspicion that it was all an elaborate plan cooked up to make our "hazing" all the worse. But we found out you really do mean it, don't you?

Then the lecture chairs. It feels so very business-like to sit with one arm resting contentedly on the projecting side and try-

ing to look very wise while we scribble in our brand new notebooks, "Who made me? God. Why?—" For heaven's sakes, I never thought of that!

We found out we have a larynx as well as a pharynx, that Horace loved to eat, that "Government" is that "organized body of knowledge that pertains to the state," that the "Progress of Poesy" is a poem on poetry, that you can't use a word unless you can give its definition, that those things on the eastern and western coasts of India aren't "gnats," but "ghats"—in fact, we're growing smarter every day. But—don't ask our profs about that.

Our chief delight is the Freshman sanctum. It's so nice and cozy that it seems like something we've read about in story books. So far we haven't done anything much except talk, but as one upper Freshman said, "You'll get over that!"

Our most unusual course is Philosophy. It's distressing to find out that you know nothing. After twelve years of diligent study, and at least one of being looked up to as a goddess of wisdom, it's a terrible let-down to find out that you're just plain dumb. There's only one thing we'd like to know—just exactly what does our professor know?

Among other things, we like the informal assemblies, the dignified caps and gowns, the gym, the privilege of going where we please in our free periods (yes, we've been shopping!), the peachy reception the Juniors gave us, and the blackboards. As one who has scrubbed many a blackboard in her day, I can't quite understand how they can be so streakless.

We think college is great and we're here to let you know that you have a class of Freshies who are with you to make St. Joseph's the best place in the city, bar none.

RITA HERZOG, '34.

(That's only four more years to go.)

COLLEGE CALENDAR

CHRISTMAS PARTY

For the first time in the history of St. Joseph's, Santa visited the College, on Friday, December 20. A special fireplace was put into the gymnasium for his convenience, and he obligingly came forth from it. He distributed presents to all the scholars. To their disillusionment, it was Norma Kelly's voice that came from behind the very snowy beard.

Refreshments were served, and dancing wound up the Christmas Party.

JUNIOR PROMENADE

The Christmas holidays were greatly enlivened for us by the Juniors' choice of December 30 for their Promenade. It was held at the College, which was quite transformed for the occasion; the auditorium was turned into a gay, "Christmassy" ball-room by a professional decorator, who made use of the seasonal red and green for a color scheme; the sanctum furniture of '30 and '31 was transported down to the lower floor classrooms, which, with the Alumnae Room, were opened to the guests. Bob Fallon's orchestra was complimented by everyone.

Margaret Lavery was chairman of the committee, which consisted of Catherine Carrington, Catherine Coughlan, Geraldine McMahon, Mary Marino, Marian Baltes, Amy Fraas, Anna Harrigan, Mary Cronin, Margaret Nauke and Helen Newman.

DEDICATION CEREMONY

On Saturday, January 5, the new building was dedicated by the President of the College, the Right Reverend Thomas E. Molloy, D.D., Bishop of Brooklyn.

The various student societies of St. Joseph's combined their efforts in arranging a suitable program: selections from Victor Herbert and Paul Lincke were played by the Serenaders, the Dramatic Society presented two Eighteenth Century portraits, "The Beau of Bath" and "Ashes of Roses"; the Glee Club sang three choral pieces, concluding with the college song, "Saint Joseph's, Mother Ours."

Dr. Dillon introduced the Right Reverend Bishop, who honored us with an address; he spoke on the ideal Catholic education as that which trains youth not only mentally, but morally and physically.

The committee in charge was as follows: Honorary Chairman, Marguerite Doyle; Chairman, Helen Bennett; Teresa Schreiber, Helen Delany, Marie Rickerby, Marie Mulligan, Catherine McShane, Anne Kirgan, Rita Dennen. The committee merits a great deal of praise, as do the several entertainers, for the splendid results of their long and careful work.

**DRAMATIC
CLUB**

The Dramatic Society, on Friday evening, January 17, presented a Little Theatre Program, which included two one-act plays. One, entitled "Pater Noster," is based on an incident that took place during the unsettled conditions of Paris in 1891; the other play, "The Knave of Hearts," is a fantasy built on the nursery rhyme.

The representation of Freshmen, both as performers and as members of committees, was large, and a splendid future seems to be in store for the society.

Not only do the performers deserve congratulations, but also the committees in charge of costuming and scenery, who worked with little outside help. Most of all, Miss Clifford deserves praise for the results of her coaching.

The next presentation of the society will be a three-act play, "The Charm School." Work has already been begun on it, and judging by the progress made, it promises to be even better than the last performance. It is expected that the play will be given some time at the end of April, or in May.

**JUNIOR
WEEK**

Mass and Communion, at the College, opened Junior Week, on Monday, February 3. In the evening a class dinner was served by the Freshmen, Thirty-one's sister class. On Tuesday the Juniors were the guests of the Seniors at the popular production, "Heads Up." On Wednesday, the class held a theatre party at "Sweet Adeline." The reception

for the Undergraduate Association took place on Thursday afternoon. An entertainment was given by Thirty-one, and a tea followed.

On the committee were: Marian Baltes, Honorary Chairman; Mary Cronin, Chairman; Catherine Coughlan, Margaret Ferry, Mary Hodgins, Geraldine McMahon, Marion Willmott, Vivian Sharpe, Edith Stanley, Mary Venezia, and Margaret Wallace.

**BRIDGE-
DANCE**

Valentine's Day was selected by the committee raising money for the Relief Fund as a good time to catch the College big-hearted. So they arranged a Bridge and Dance for February 14.

The affair was most successful. Over eight hundred attended, and there were a hundred and fifty tables of bridge. Home-made candy was sold, as were also dolls, daintily dressed in hand-made clothes. The Forest Hills Inn orchestra played for the dancers. The committee, headed by Collette Bourke, included Edna Dawkins, Geraldine McMahon, Marie Manno, Anne Marie Dolan, Catharine Fournier, Margaret Lavery, Mary Quinn, Margaret Murphy, Catherine Becker, Kathleen Mulrooney, Margaret Kilboy, Margaret Allen, Mildred Hines, Julia Gubitosi, Mary Whelan, Ethne O'Leary, Mary Venezia, Rose Culligan, Angela Deegan, Sophia Tiernan, Catherine Carrington, Mary Marino, Josephine Coddington, Ruth Hagen, Norma Kelly, Teresa Schreiber, Marian Baltes, Catherine Coughlan, Winifred McMahon and Ann Lynch.

**GLEE
CLUB**

On Wednesday evening, February 26, the Glee Club presented its annual operetta. This time, a second Gilbert and Sullivan piece was staged—the priceless “Patience,” with thirty-seven fine dragoons, in red coats, as advertised.

The principals were: Helen Delany, Rita Dennen, Margaret Ferry, Serena Hines, Regina Hogan, Katherine Kelly, Barbara Owens, Irene Casterino, Margaret Reilly, and Gertrude Reynolds.

The operetta was coached by Mr. Francis X. Doyle. He, the cast, and the committees in charge of staging, are to be congratulated on the biggest production the Glee Club has ever given us.

**SPRING
DANCE**

A Spring Dance has been announced to take place some time during the Easter holidays. The exact date will be published later by the committee, of which Josephine Coddington is Chairman.

**CERCLE
MOLIERE**

The Cercle Molière announces its third annual production, Molière's "Le Malade Imaginaire," to take place on the evening of May 9. Rehearsals have been going on for some weeks and the play promises to be even better than those of 1928 and 1929. It is interesting to discover that the French plays have not only aroused a great amount of interest in the College, but also among many teachers and students from other Brooklyn schools, who consider the work of this group of a very high quality.



ALUMNAE NOTES

ENGAGEMENTS Agnes Hearn, '25, is engaged to be married to Charles Bogan; Margaret Doyle to Walter Dunderman; Helen Weiden to William McCarthy; Marjorie Harnett, '28, to James Driscoll; Myrtle Foster, '27, to Harry White. Other engagements which have been announced are those of Mary O'Meara, '27, and of Virginia Nathan, '27.

WEDDINGS Among the recent weddings are the following: Eleanor McGrane, '27, was married to William Ward; Rose Stuart, '27, to Thomas Doran; Katherine Quinn, '28, to William Shell; Thérèse Devøe, '28, to John Creem; Margaret Keenan, '26, to William Moyles; Mabel Barton, '26, to Joseph O'Shea; and Rosalind Molesphini to Dr. Roger Schenone.

BIRTHS Mrs. Arthur J. Hines (Catherine Hannon, '25) announces the birth of a son, Arthur J. Hines, Jr.; Mrs. Charles E. Schott (Muriel Simpson, '25), the birth of a son, Richard Simpson Schott, Mary Camper McGinnis, '25, being the proud godmother; Mrs. Louis Dougherty (Christine Gibson, '24), the birth of a daughter, Barbara.

DRAMATICS The Chairman, Anne Schrage, '27, announces that up to the present time the group has planned no large, formal production for the current year. They are at present sustaining very active interest at the monthly meetings by well planned programs which usually include the interpretation of one or two short plays, together with talks on matters of current dramatic interest, such as the work of Eva Le Gallienne, or Hampden's unique manner of stage setting in "Cyrano de Bergerac." These programs have been well received by the large group which attends the meetings, not only for the enjoyment they afford, but also because they give to so many girls an opportunity to take active part in practical dramatic work. It is pos-

sible that there will be a later announcement of a more or less informal production.

BASKETBALL The manager, Eileen Jane McLaughlin, '28, announces that the members of the squad are as follows: Rita McCaffrey, '27, Captain; Estelle Stawiarski, '27, Kay Wilson, '28, Cecilia Dolan, '25, Agnes McShane, '26, Kay Kilgallen, '26, Mary Keller, '28, Mary Bolton, '29, Marie Keegan, '29, Margaret Conway, '29, Margaret Doyle, '27, Catherine Sabatino, '29, Margaret Wilson, '29, and Ethel Riordan, '29. Miss Constance Cody is the coach.

Scores of games played already are:

Alumnae vs. College, 23-14.

Alumnae vs. New Rochelle Alumnae, 26-23.

Alumnae vs. Adelphi Alumnae, 8-22.

BRAILLE The Braille group, headed by Elinor Parks, '29, is forging ahead under the direction of Miss Gertrude Hansberg.

SEWING The sewing group, under the leadership of Ruth McCormack, has undertaken to make dresses for poor children.

MISSIONS Teresa Hoffman, Chairman of the group, announces that they have decided to concentrate on two projects: collection of magazines to send to missionaries, and coöperation with the undergraduates to make the College Mission Day a success.

"ALUMNAE NEWS" The Board of Editors for the Alumnae paper is as follows: Editor-in-Chief, Mary St. John; Business Manager, Estelle Stawiarski; Associate Editors, Margaret Crowley, Catherine Keely, Elinor Woods.

BRIDGE This splendid event took place at the Leverich Towers on February 8. The staff of ultra-efficient workers contrived to fill one hundred and forty-three tables. The committee members were: Eileen Murray, '26, Chairman; Marietta Rockefeller, '26, Rita McCaffrey, '25, Helen Weiden, '26, Marie Savino Donohue, '27, Mary Kane, '28, Estelle Stawiarski, '27, and Ethel Kellam Greaby, '20.

LUNCHEON Grace O'Brien has been given charge of the annual luncheon which is tendered to the graduating class during Commencement Week.

RETREAT The Alumnae Retreat was held at the College on March 8 and 9, with the Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., as Retreat Master.

In Memoriam

LORIA extends deep and sincere sympathy to Caroline Corcoran on the death of her father, to Agnita Duffy O'Connor on the death of her mother, and to Anne Kenny on the death of her sister.

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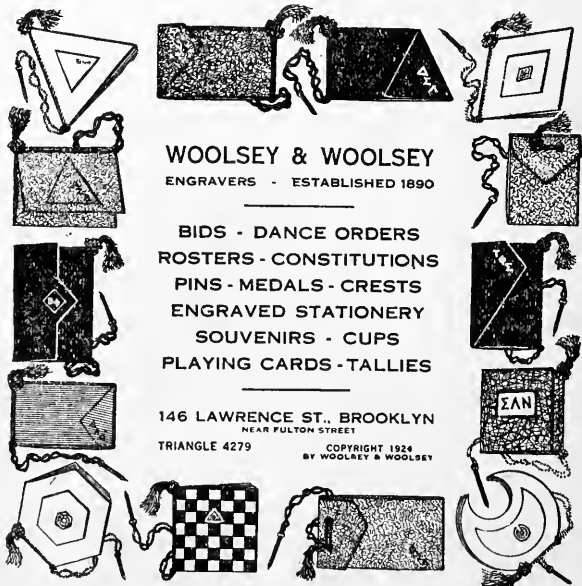
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